

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions:

BY

<i>His Grace the Duke</i>	{	<i>Sir Samuel Garth,</i>
<i>of Buckingham,</i>		<i>N. Rowe, Esq;</i>
<i>Mr. Wycherly,</i>		<i>Mrs. Singer,</i>
<i>Lady Winchelsea,</i>		<i>Bevil Higgons, Esq;</i>

And other eminent Hands.



L O N D O N:

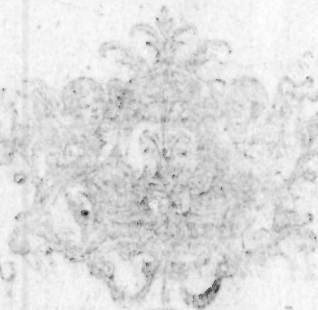
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And other eminent Hands.



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ERRATUM.

P Age 180. Verse 2. for *Daws* read *Dans*.



A N
E P I S T L E
T O

Mr. DRYDEN,

FROM

Mr. WYCHERLEY.

*Occasion'd by his Proposal to write
a COMEDY together.*



S when great Kings with petty princes joyn,
They more their conquest, than their aid,
design;

Thus while to write with me you condescend,
'Tis more to vanquish, than assist your friend.

B

Then

Then not by writing will I strive in vain
 More sense to prove, and greater Praise to gain;
 But show my Sense, by giving yours its due,
 And only seek for praise, by praising you.
 Whose wit, like Heaven from whence it sprung, repays
 To us in glory, what we give in praise.

Others, in spite of all their noisy wit,
 Find the stage silenc'd by the louder pit;
 They make us laugh to see their actors cry
 In some sad farce, or merry tragedy.
 But when the vulgar vice employs your pen,
 How we despise our selves in other men!
 Your sense, your humour, and satyrick rage,
 At once can teach, delight, and last the age.
 Your graceful muse so well becomes her rage,
 That ev'n her scorn must ev'ry heart engage;
 Thus angry beauties but more charming prove,
 And force ev'n foes to wonder and to love.

Your *Subject*, though it be but fiction all,
 Seems, for your art, more true and natural:

No

No strange, absurd, new miracles you feign,
 More to perplex the mind, than entertain;
 What satisfaction can our sense receive,
 From tales or accidents it can't believe?
 'Tis the too bold improbability
 That makes ridiculous the labour & lie;
 And liar too; no shame is undergone
 More for a lie, than truth that looks like one.
 No matter what poetick subjects are,
 Or false or true, so they but true appear;
 None just or fit can their invention call,
 If 'tis not easy, free, and natural.

Your *Poet* tho seeming intricate, is plain,
 And gives us pleasure, keeping us in pain;
 Creates our wonder first, then clears our doubt,
 Hard to conceive, as easy when found out.
 For fancy, judgment, wit, invention too,
 Which seldom meet in others, joy'n in you;
 In you each regularly plays its part;
 Your art seems nature, and your nature, art.

No such low *Character* you represent,
 As make our *loathing* our *divertisement*;
 Where nature, in simplicity's excess,
 Becomes it self too natural to please.
 No witty lovers in your scenes we see,
 Who court by rule, and take less care to be
 True to their mistress, than their simile;
 No formal fools endeavour to make known
 Their sense, when passion only shou'd be shown;
 Passion is want of sense, yet oft' will prove
 But more persuasive far than wit in love;
 For love and wit as seldom at one time
 Together meet, as good sense with good rhyme.
 You rhyme for reason on us ne'er obtrude,
 For argument, a false similitude,
 Nor make your sparks, to wound their ladies aim,
 With sharp conceit, or pointed epigram,
 Or fire them only with the poet's flame.
 Yet all your thoughts are chaste as is your style,
 You without guilt can make the modest smile;

Virgins

Virgins your love without a blush may hear,
Which wounds their heart, but ne'er offends their ear.

Your *Wit* was never out of season shown,
Since ostentation makes some go for none;
As the best breeding, so the best good sense,
In the wrong place, becomes impertinence,
And like true com, must for suspected pass,
When mix'd with what is counterfeit and base.
Our fools of fancy scarce one thought refuse,
Only because they know not which to chuse;
Your sense distinguishes what's just and fit,
And scorns the forc'd impertinence of wit;
The dull constraint of formal pleasantry,
And the low farce's nauseous raillery.
You no strange far fetch'd episode intrude,
Nor leave your tale for a dull interlude.
No pompous fustian in your plays we find,
More to confound, than to surprize the mind;
No double meanings, which deserve to pass
As well for wit's, as honour's worst disgrace;

Sense, seeming double, but proves none at all,
And is, like love, more false, as general.

Strong is your judgment, as your reason sound;
Your wit as piercing, as your sense profound;
Your fancy copious, fluent, clear, and free;
But not a barren superfluity.

Nor from the fulness of your fruitful head,
Are crude and undigested humours bred.

Your judgment has no fault, but too much wit;
And you to heighten and illustrate it,
To mix inferior thoughts should condescend;

As meaner foils the diamond's brightness mend.
So skilful artists first cement their gold,

With the gross mixture of some meaner mold;
Then with rich workmanship the loss restore,
And raise the worth, while they debase the oar.

Your sense like gold, can ev'ry test endure,
At once is pondrous, and at once is pure;
Though fresh, yet current, and though solid, fine;
Outweighs the old, and does the new outline!

Such

Such is your sense; which you so well express,
The brightest beauty has the richest dress:
Nor in your verses does it yield to sound,
As oft' in songs, 'tis for the musick drown'd.
Rhimes with most others, reason's fetters are,
To stop their *Pegasus* in his career;
Their fancy's tramels, which retard the race,
And check his swiftness while they smooth his pace.
With you they guide him, and improve his course,
In smoothness, measure, majesty, and force:
A safe, tho' high, a strong, y^t even slight,
Discreet, tho' daring; lofty, yet in light!

Thus in all kinds your matchless art is shown,
And thus the whole poetick world's your own:
Who writes with you, in hopes his fame to raise,
Aspires at best to eminent disgrace.
So when bright *Phœbus* purer rays conspire,
To mix with smoke, and dull material fire;
The flames that shone with moderate light before,
O'ercome by too much lustre, burn no more.



PHOENIX-PARK.

By Mr. JAMES WARD.

S Hall *Cooper's-hill* majestick rise in rhyme
 Strong as its basis, as its brow sublime?
 Shall *Windfor-Forest* win immortal praise,
 It self outlasting in its Poet's lays;
 And thou *O Phoenix-Park*, remain so long
 Unknown to fame, and unadorn'd in song?

Thou too canst boast thy lawns, and painted meads,
 Thy sunny valleys, and sequester'd shades;
 As pleasing dreams thy trees and springs bestow,
 As gently whisper, and as sweetly flow;

With

With equal charms the tuneful muse delight,
Inspire her rapture, and her lays invite.

What tho' in thee no long-liv'd *Dryads* dwell,
Nor mystick truths prophetick Oaks foretell,
Nor azure nymphs beside thy fountains rove,
Nor sporting satyrs haunt thy hallow'd grove;
Tho' no coy maid, transform'd by ancient fame,
Grace thee a tree, or bath thy fields a stream;
Yet verse can so inchant thy changing plain,
Like them shalt thou receive the fabled train,
Poetick eyes their airy forms shall view,
And fancy think the strong delusion true.

Then shall the lover seek thy friendly shade,
To thee shall he accuse the cruel maid,
Thy nymphs shall softly sigh while he complains,
Thy sympathizing echoes feel his pains,
Thy fountains weep, thy groves compassion show,
All nature drooping with one lover's woe.
Each future bard, beneath thy shelter laid,
Shall patient wait th' inspiring muse's aid,

In

In blissfull dreams shall heavenly visions see,
And all *Parnassus* shall revive in thee.

Off thro' thy cool retreats I silent stray,
And lost in thought neglect my heedless way;
Intent on nature's works my wondering mind,
Shakes off the busy town she left behind,
Her wings she plumes anew, expatiates free,
And quits the world for solitude and thee.

How pleasing while the sun in early day
Shoots o'er the earth affant his dawning ray,
In that calm light thy glistering fields to view!
E'er his hot beams have drunk the morning dew,
E'er genial zephyrs breath upon the bow'rs,
Opening the balmy buds, and virgin flow'rs;
Th' unruffled streams with silent pace are born;
Nor shakes the aspen-leaf, nor waves the corn;
The sleeping cloud low on the mountain lies,
And vapours from the valley slowly rise.
Full of new life up starts the sprightly fawn,
And wanton skips, and bounds along the lawn;

The tow'ring lark long since has reach'd the sky,
And equal ballanc'd, hov'ring hangs on high;
Maturely conscious of approaching light,
She first of creatures breaks from drowsy night,
Beyond earth's shade on daring pinions born,
Anticipates the sun, and meets the morn.
Th' impatient joy, that swells her little breast,
Breaks forth melodious in her songs express;
Warbling she wakes the slumbering birds around,
And mattins shrill thro' all the grove resound.

I too thy blessings taste, bright lamp of day,
Thy influence own, and feel thy quick'ning ray;
Uncommon raptures in my bosom glow,
And from my tongue unlabour'd numbers flow;
Notes, free as their's, joy'n with the feather'd throng,
Alike our extasy, alike our song.

Thy beams, kind Sun, do all the gifts bestow,
And all the charms, that grace this world below,
All nature is thy boon; thy piercing light
To humane eyes reveals the beauteous sight;

And

And 'tis thy warmth inspires the muse's strain,
And gives her verse to paint the lovely scene.

What scene more lovely, and more form'd for bliss,
What more deserves the muse's strain than this;
Where more can boundless nature please, and where
In shapes more various, and more sweet appear!

Now when the centre of the wood is found,
With goodly trees (a spacious circle bound,)
I stop my wandering—while on ev'ry side
Glades opening to my eye the grove divide;
To distant objects stretch my lengthen'd view,
And make each pleasing prospect charm anew.

The mountain here heaves up his airy height,
A short horizon to my boundless sight.
Whose caverns treasure up descending show'rs,
Nor Heav'n on him in vain its plenty pours,
When sultry seasons scorch the riv'd earth,
His bounty gives to thousand fountains birth;
Prolifick moisture swells the smiling grain,
And double harvests load the grateful plain.

Deep in the vale old *Liffey* rolls his tides;
 Romantick prospects crown his rev'rend sides;
 Now thro' wild grotts, and pendant woods he strays,
 And ravish'd at the sight, his course delays,
 Silent, and calm—now with impetuous shock
 Pours his swift torrent down the steepy rock;
 The tumbling waves thro' airy channels flow,
 And loudly roaring, smok, and foam below,

Fast by his banks, stands high above the plain,
 A fabrick rais'd in peaceful *Charles's* reign,
 Where Vet'ran bands discharg'd from war retire,
 Feeble their limbs, extinct their martial fire,
 I hear, methinks I hear the gallant train
 Recount the wonders of each past campaign,
 Conquests, and triumphs in my bosom roll,
 And *Britain's* glory fills my widening soul,
 Here blest with plenty, and maintain'd at ease
 They boast th' adventures of their youthful days,
 Repeat exhausted dangers o'er again,
 And sigh to speak of faithful comrades slain:

Silent

Silent the listening audience sit around;
Weep at the tale, and view the witness wound;
What mighty things each for his country wrought,
Each tells — And all, how bravely *Marlboro' fought*!

There o'er wide plains my lab'ring sight extends,
And fails itself, e'er the long landskip ends:
Where flocks around the rural cottage seen,
Brouze the young buds, or graze the tufted green;
And fields bespread with golden crops appear,
Ensuring plenty for the following year.

Here on a mount a ruin'd tower I spy;
A sweet amusement to the distant eye,
Forward it starts, approaching to be seen,
And cheats me of the sinking lands between.
Within this mount as some old matron tells,
In all his pomp the Fairy monarch dwells,
To his wide treasury here his Elfs unseen
Convey whatever is lost on earth by men;
With endless stores the gloomy caverns fill,
And as their summs encrease, distend their hill.

There

There the broad ocean spreads his waves around,
 With anchor'd fleets a faithful harbour crown'd,
 By whose kind aid we num'rous blessings share,
 In peace our riches, and our strength in war,
 While thus retir'd, I on the city look,
 A Grouppe of buildings in a cloud of smoke
 (Where various domes for various uses made,
 Religion, revels, luxury, and trade,
 All undistinguished in one mass appear,
 And widely differing are united here.)
 I learn her vice and follies to despise,
 And love that heav'n, which in the countrey lies.
 The sun in his meridian mounted high
 Now warns me to the covert bow'r to fly,
 Where trees officious croud around my head,
 And twisted woodbine forms a fragrant shade,
 No noise axe thro' all the grove resounds,
 No cruel steel the living branches wounds;
 Rev'rend in age the wide-spread beech appears,
 The lofty oak lives his long date of years.

Here careless on some mossy bank reclin'd,
 Lull'd by the murm'ring stream, and whistling wind,
 Nor poy's'nous asp I fear, nor savage beast,
 That wretched swains in other lands infect.
 Fir'd with the love of song my voice I raise,
 And woo the muses to my countrey's praise;

Hybernia blest from noxious creatures free,
 A privilege indulg'd alone to thee;
 Not rich *Arabia* can thy envy move
 With all her od'rous gums, and spicy grove;
 Where the fell tyger dreadful stalks around,
 And peasants tim'rous tread the faithless ground.
 Nor cover'dst thou *Hesperian* fruits of old,
 Where the dire dragon watch'd the growing gold.
 Thy sons unhurt thro' all thy region stray,
 Pursue their pleasures, to no beast a prey;
 Each glade, and thicket trace, nor dread to wake
 The swelling toad, or rouse the rattling snake.
 Whether thy water, air, or soyl deny
 To feed their venom, and their rage supply,

The vulgar doubt — or since the gen'ral flood
 Thy realm has never seen the dang'rous brood —
 Believe the muse, she shall old truths revive,
 And in her song th' amazing tale shall live.

Once like thy neighbour lands was thine annoy'd;
 Thousand untimely deaths thy sons destroy'd:
 The lyon rav'ning rang'd the lonely wood,
 And thro' the valley prow'd the wolf for blood.
 The wolf-dog then did ev'ry hind attend
 To guard his labour, and his rest defend.
 But ah what foresight cou'd protection bring
 From the road's venom, and the viper's sting!
 They with still treach'ry silent fate convey'd
 To the poor swain, in thoughtless slumbers laid,
 His boyling veins with subtle poyson fill'd,
 And, tho' more slowly, yet as surely kill'd.

Thus groan'd thy Isle, by various woes oppress'd,
 When *Patrick*, ancient saint, a welcome guest,
 Came by the silent call of heav'n's command
 To plant the Gospel in th' unfaithful land.

Up rose our *Paul* amid the gazing crowd,
Demanded silence, and thus spake aloud,

“ I come, said he, — but, your belief to move,

“ I’ll first my mission by a wonder prove.

“ The swarms of savages that vex your isle,

“ Your mountains ravage, and your forrest spoil,

“ No more your fruitful glebe shall desert lay,

“ Affright your children, and your cattle slay.

“ Not ev’n an insect of the poy’s’nous kind

“ Henceforth shall in your woods a refuge find.

He said — and at his word a magic spell and cave

Into his pow’r their blood and bones gave;

Panthers, and leopards, and him swarm’d,

And couch’d submissive, of their rage disarm’d:

Snakes, lizzards, vipers, and serpents spread the ground,

And toads, now inoffensive, croak’d around:

When, at his word, the wond’ring throng beheld

Their loathly train their laughing fields expell’d,

O’erpow’r’d they rush into the neighb’ring main,

Ne’er to molest their happy Isle again.

All with loud shouts bless their deliverer's hand;
Pronounce him patron of their rescued land,
Gladly the Truths that he reveals, believe,
And greater blessings from his lips receive.

The swarms of savages that vex your ill,
Your mountains savage, and your forest spoil,
No more your fruitful globe shall desert lay,
Affright your children, and your cattle stay,
Not ev'n an insect of the poisonous kind

Henceforth shall
He said
Into his power
Panthers, and leopards, and him twain'd,
And couch'd submissive
Snakes, lizards, vipers, and
And toads, now offensive, crouch'd around:

When, at his word, the word'ring throng beheld
Their hostile train their laughing fields expell'd,
O'erpow'rd they rush into the neighbouring main,
Ne'er to molest their happy life again;



The HAPPY NIGHT.

Written by the Earl of MULGRAVE

Since now my *Silvia* is as kind as fair,
 Let wit and joy succeed my dull despair.
 O what a night of pleasure was the last!
 A full reward for all my troubles past:
 And on my head if future mischief fall,
 This happy night shall make amends for all.
 Nay, though my *Silvia's* love should turn to hate,
 I'll think of this, and dye contented with my fate.
 Twelve was the lucky minute when we met,
 And on her bed were close together set;

Though

Though lightning spies might be perhaps too near,
 Love fill'd our hearts, there was no room for fear.
 Now whilst I strive her melting heart to move,
 With all the powerful eloquence of love:

In her fair face I saw the colour rise,
 And an unusual softness in her eyes,
 Gently they look, and I with joy adore

That only charm they never had before!
 The wounds they made her tongue was us'd to heal,

But now these gentle enemies reveal
 A secret, which that friend would still conceal,
 My eyes transported too with amorous rage,
 Seem fierce with expectation to engage:

But fast she holds my hands, and close her thighs,
 And what she longs to do, with frowns denies.

A strange effect on foolish women wrought,
 Bred in disguises, and by custom taught:
 Custom, that prudence sometimes over-rules,

But serves instead of reason to the fools!

Custom, which all the world to slavery brings,
 The dull excuse for doing silly things.
 She, by this method of her foolish sex,
 Is forc'd a while, me, and herself to vex.
 But now, when thus we had been struggling long,
 Her limbs grow weak, and her desires grow strong.
 How can she hold to let the hero in?
 He storms without, and love betrays within.
 Her hands at last, to hide her blushes, leave
 The fort unguarded, willing to receive
 My fierce assault, made with a lover's haste;
 Like lightning piercing, and as quickly past.

Thus does fond nature with her children play,
 Just shews us joy, then snatches it away.
 'Tis not the excess of pleasure makes it short;
 The pain of love's as raging as the sport.
 And yet, alas, that lasts; we sigh all night
 With grief, but scarce one moment with delight.
 Some little pain may check her kind desire,
 But not enough to make her once retire.

Maids wounds for pleasure bear, as men for praise;
 Here honour heals, there love the smart allays;
 The world if just, would harmful courage blame,
 And this more innocent toward with fame,
 Now she her well contented thoughts employs
 On her past fears, and on her future joys:
 Whose harbinger did roughly all remove,
 To make fit room for great, luxurious love,
 Fond of the welcome guest, her arms embrace
 My body, and her hands another place,
 Which with one touch so pleas'd, and proud will grow,
 It swells beyond the grasp that made it so;
 Confinement seems in any freighter walls,
 Then those of love, where it contented falls.
 Though wine o'erthrown, he more inflam'd does rise,
 And will to the last drop fight out the prize,
 She like some Amazon in story proves,
 That overcomes the hero whom she loves,
 In the close strife she takes so much delight,
 She then can think of nothing but the fight:

With joy she lays him panting at her feet,
 But with more joy does his recovery meet.
 Her trembling hands first gently raise his head,
 She almost dyes for fear that he is dead:
 Then binds his wounds up with a busy hand,
 And with that balm enables him to stand,
 Till by her eyes she conquers him once more,
 And wounds him deeper than she did before.
 Though fallen from the top of pleasure's hill,
 With longing eyes we look up thither still:
 Still thither our unwearied wishes tend,
 Till we that height of happiness ascend,
 By gentle steps; th' ascent it self exceeds
 All joys, but that alone to which it leads.
 First then, so long and lovingly we kiss,
 As if, like doves, we knew no dearer bliss:
 Still in one mouth our tongues together play,
 While groping hands are pleas'd no less than they.
 Thus cling'd together now a while we rest,
 Breathing our souls into each others breast:

Then

Then give a general kiss of all our parts,
 While this best way we make exchange of hearts.
 Here would my praise, as well as pleasure dwell,
 Enjoyment's self I scarcely like so well.
 The little this comes short in rage and strength,
 Is largely recompens'd with endless length.
 This is a joy would last, if we could stay;
 But love's too eager to admit delay,
 And hurries us along to smooth away
 Now wanton with delight, we nimbly move
 Our plyant limbs in all the shapes of love:
 Our motions not like those of game some fools,
 Whose active bodies shew their heavy souls,
 But sports of love, in which a willing mind
 Makes us as able, as our hearts are kind.
 At length all languishing and out of breath,
 Panting, as in the agonies of death,
 We lye entranc'd, till one provoking kiss
 Transports our ravish'd souls to paradise.
 Breathing out souls into each others breast:

O hea-

O heaven of love, thou moment of delight!
 Wrong'd by my words, my fancy does thee right:
 Methinks I lye all melting in her charms,
 And fast lockt up within her legs, and arms:
 Bent are our minds, and all our thoughts on fire,
 Just lab'ring in the pangs of fierce desire,
 At once, like misers wallowing in their store,
 In full possession, yet desiring more.

Thus with repeated pleasures while we wait
 Our happy hours, that like short minutes past,
 To such a sum of bliss our joys amount,
 The number now becomes too great to count,
 Silent as night are all sincerest joys,
 Like deepest waters running with least noise.
 But now at last, for want of farther force,
 From deeds, alas, we fall into discourse:
 A fall, which each of us must soon be conscious;
 A greater fall then that which leads from thrones.
 The tide of pleasure flowing now no more,
 We lye like fish left gasping on the shore,

And now, as after fighting, wounds appear,
Which we in heat did neither feel, nor fear;
She, for her sake, intreats me to give o'er,
And yet for mine would gladly suffer more.
Her words are gay, while all her motions woo;
And, when she asks me if it please me too,
I rage to shew how well, but 'twill not do.
Thus would hot love run it self out of breath,
And, wanting rest, find it too soon in death;
Did not wife nature with a gentle force
Restrain its rage, and stop its headlong course.
Indulgently severe, she well does spare
This child of hers, that most deserves her care.



SONG.

SONG.

By the same Hand.

THink not, my fair, 'tis sin or shame,

To bless the man who so adores;
Nor give so hard unjust a name

To all those favours he implores.

Beauty is heav'n's most bounteous gift esteem'd,

Because by love men are from vice redeem'd.

Yet wish not vainly for a love

From all the force of nature clear;

That is reserved for those above.

And 'tis a fault to claim it here.

For joys of sense ye scorn that we should love ye,

But love without them is as much above ye.



In Imitation of HORACE.

By Mr. WARD.

Quis multâ gracilis et puer in rosâ.

Come, *Pyrrha*, tell what lover now
Is most in your good graces?

On what lac'd coat, or scented Bean,

In publick you your smiles bestow,

And more in private places.

What easy heart do you invade

By all this nice adorning?

For what vain fop is now display'd

The mechin lace and rich brocade?

At Toiler spent the morning?

Ah

Ah how he'll rage, when midst his calm

Tempestuous clouds shall gather,

When he beholds the low ring down,

That faithless brow of thine deform,

Untry'd in boist'rous weather!

Whom now thy look serene beguiles,

Ah poor, unthinking creature!

Who credulous, enjoys thy smiles,

And never dreaming of thy wiles,

Now thinks thee all good-nature.

He feels thy charms in wretched hour,

That's to thy ways a stranger:

As for my part, my turn is o'er,

I've scap'd the deep, and late from shore,

Look on another's danger.



From

Ab how he'll rage, when midst his calm
That faithful brow of chine deform,

From Johannes Secundus's Book
of Kisses: The sixteenth.

By the same Hand

F Air as *Phoebe's* silver light,
As the star of *Venus* bright,
Give me an hundred kisses o'er,
Give me, oh! give as large a store
As *Lesbia* to her poet gave,
As she cou'd grant, or he receive.

One for each grace, one for each love,
That o'er thy cheeks, and bosom rove,
That on thy lips in ambrosia live,
And shoot destruction from your eye.

As

As many as the hopes and fears,
The bitter joys, and pleasing cares,
As the extasies, and sighs,
That in love alternate rise.

Give me one for ev'ry dart,
Cupid has shot into my heart;

For each his quiver yet contains

The certain cause of future pains.

At ev'ry pause sweet talk come in,
Add soothing words, and smiles between,

To tender murmurs tune your tongue,

Each kiss be soft, and sweet, and long.

Thus in the spring when turtles woo,

They coo, and bill, and bill, and coo,

By turns exchange their eager love,

And with their musick fill the grove.

Then dye away, in passion drown'd,

And roll your swimming eyes around,

Down on my neck recline your charms,

Softly sink into my arms,

And sinking to your lover say,
Hold me — I faint, I dye away.

Close I'll clasp thee to my breast
In my warm embraces prest;
By one long kisse's quick ning pow'r
I'll back to life thy soul restore.

When vanquish'd by the powerful bliss,
My spirit breath'd into the kiss,
Fainting away on thee I'll call
To support me, as I fall.

Eager you in your arms shall seize me,
And in your bosom close embrace me,
My soul you shall recall from death,
And in a kiss restore my breath.

Thus let us sport our prime away,
And relish pleasure, while we may;
Age soon upon his sable wing
Care, and disease, and death shall bring.



The Ninth.

BE not still kissing me, still smiling,
 Always fond and always willing,
 Sweetly speaking, softly sighing,
 Ever on my bosom lying;

All things have their certain measure,
 Narrow bounds are fix'd to pleasure;
 Whate'er affects with most delight,
 Soonest cloyes the appetite.

When I for thrice three kisses sue;
 Take sev'n away, and grant but two,
 Yet neither long, and balmy neither,
 Such as the virgin gives her father,
 And chaste as those that are bestow'd
 By *Cynthia* on her brother god,
 Then start from me in wanton play,
 And trip with swimming pace away;

Into

Into some secret corner fly,
And hide in darkness from my eye.

Your steps thro' darkness will I trace,
And search the most retired place,
Like some proud victor will I lay
My eager hands upon my prey,
I'll tofs, and touze, and rifle you,
As hawks the tim'rous turtle do.

You your humble hands shall rear,
Submissive beg me to forbear,
And hope sev'n kisses may engage
My easy heart, and bribe my rage.

In vain —— you sev'n times sev'n shall give,
To win my grace, poor fugitive;
My arms around that neck entwin'd
Shall all the while my captive bind.

When, paid the price, I loose my arms,
Then shall you swear by all your charms,
If this way I repent such crimes,
You'd play the trick a thousand times.

*From the Second Chapter of the
Wisdom of SOLOMON.*

*Parcus Deorum cultor & infrequens,
Infanientis dum sapientie
Consultas enno,*

By Mr. *WARD*.

HOW is our reason to the future blind,
When vice enervates, and inflaves the mind,
What sense suggests how fondly we believe,
And with what subtilty our selves deceive!
Frail is our state, (th' ungodly cry) how few
The days of life, and yet how tedious too!
Death is our certain doom, in vain we strive
To stay the blow, and idly wish to live;
When once we to the grave descend, in vain
Hope ever to return, and breath again.

Chance

Chance gave us birth, chance form'd our brittle frame,
Nor know we how, or why, or whence we came;

Smoke is our breath, a spark our vital part,

That warms, and moves, and animates our heart,

Which once extinguish'd, we no more are seen;

Then shall we be, as if we ne'er had been.

Our works shall all in dark oblivion lye,

And with ourselves our very names shall dye;

Silent, forgot, to nothing we repair,

To dust our bodies, and our souls to air.

We vanish like a cloud, that owes its birth

To exhalations from the glowing earth,

Drawn up, and painted by the solar rays,

A beauteous being it awhile displays,

But soon dissolv'd it's short-liv'd glory mourns,

And to it's parent earth in tears returns:

View all the heav'ns around, nor can you find

The path it pass'd, or mark its trace behind.

Come, let us then the present hour employ,

Nor to the faithless future trust our joy;

Let us from care the wrinkled forehead smooth,
 Let us in age revive the sweets of youth;
 Pour out rich wines, the costly ointments bring,
 With all the blooming flow'rs, that grace the spring.
 Let the fresh violet, and the new-born rose
 A smiling chaplet for our brows compose.
 Entwine our temples, e'er ye dye, ye flow'rs!
 Short is your date of life, and short is our's.
 Let's print each hour with pleasure, e'er it pass,
 Leave monuments of joy in ey'ry place,
 That may our revellings, and us survive,
 Shew we once were, and teach our sons to live.
 Lose not the little portion fate allows,
 This is man's lot — this all the heav'n he knows.

Thus they, who from the ways of truth decline,
 Pervert their reason to confirm their sin;
 The mists of sensual lust do cloud their eye,
 They can't the mysteries of God descry,
 Or taste the pleasing hope, and heav'nly rest,
 The pious transports of the righteous breast,

They

They know not man for nobler views design'd,
Nor feel the worth of their immortal mind;
On transitory things they fix their bliss,
And lose the better life to come for this.

*The seventh Chapter of the Pro-
verbs, translated into Verse.*

By the same Hand.

MY Son, th' instruction that my words impart,
Grave on the living tablet of thy heart;
And all the wholesome precepts that I give,
Observe with strictest reverence and live.

Let all thy homage be to wisdom paid,
Seek her protection and implore her aid;
That she may keep thy soul from harm secure,
And turn thy footsteps from the harlot's door.

Who with curs'd charms lures the unwary in,
And sooths with flattery their souls to sin.

Once from my window as I cast mine eye
On those that pass'd in giddy numbers by,
A youth among the foolish youths I spy'd,
Who took not sacred wisdom for his guide.

Just as the sun withdrew his cooler light,
And evening soft led on the shades of night,
He stole in covert twilight to his fate,
And pass'd the corner near the harlot's gate:
When, lo, a woman comes!—

Loose her attire, and such her glaring dress,
As aptly did the harlot's mind express.
Subtle she is, and practis'd in the arts,
By which the wanton conquer heedless hearts:
Stubborn and loud she is; she hates her home,
Varying her place and form, she loves to roam;
Now she's within, now in the street do's stray,
Now at each corner stands, and waits her prey.

The youth she seiz'd and laying now aside
 All modesty, the female's justest pride,
 She said, with an embrace, here at my house
 Peace-offerings are, this day I paid my vows.
 I therefore came abroad to meet my dear,
 And, lo, in happy hour I find thee here.

My chamber I've adorn'd, and o'er my bed
 Are coverings of the richest rapt'ry spread,
 With linen it is deck'd from *Egypt* brought,
 And carvings by the curious artist wrought,
 It wants no glad perfume *Arabia* yields
 In all her citron groves and spicy fields;
 Here all her store of richest odours meets,
 I'll lay thee in a wilderness of sweets.

Whatever to the sense can grateful be
 I have collected there—I want but thee.

My Husband's gone a journey far away,
 Much Gold he took abroad, and long will stay,
 He nam'd for his return a distant day.

Upon

Upon her tongue did such smooth mischief dwell;
 And from her lips such welcome flatt'ry fell;
 Th' unguarded youth, in silken fetters ty'd
 Resign'd his reason, and with ease comply'd.
 Thus does the ox to his own slaughter go,
 And thus is senseless of th' impending blow.
 Thus flies the simple bird into the snare,
 That skilful fowlers for his life prepare.
 But let my sons attend, attend may they,
 Whom youthful vigour may to sin betray;
 Let them false charmers fly, and guard their hearts,
 Against the wily wanton's pleasing arts.
 With care direct their steps, nor turn astray
 To tread the paths of her deceitful way;
 Lest they too late of her full pow'r complain,
 And fall, where many mightier have been slain.



Upon



Upon the Death of her Husband.

By Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER.

IN what soft language shall my thoughts get free,
 My dear *Alexis*! when I talk of thee?
 Ye muses, graces, all ye gentle train
 Of weeping loves assist the pensive strain,
 But why should I implore your moving art?
 'Tis but to speak the dictates of my heart:
 And all that knew the charming youth will join
 Their friendly sighs, and pious tears to mine.
 For all that knew his merit must confess
 In grief for him there can be no excess;

His

His soul was form'd to act each glorious part
 Of life, unstain'd with vanity or art;
 No thought within his generous mind had birth,
 But what he might have own'd to heaven and earth:
 Practis'd by him each virtue grew more bright,
 And shone with more than its own native light.
 Whatever noble warmth could recommend
 The just, the active, and the constant friend,
 Was all his own; but oh! a dearer name,
 And softer eyes, my endless sorrow claim;
 Lost in despair, distracted and forlorn,
 The Lover I, and tender husband mourn,
 Whate'er to such superior worth was due,
 Whate'er exceeds the fondest passion knew,
 I felt, for thee, dear youth, my joys, my care,
 My prayers themselves were thine, and only where
 Thou wast concern'd, my virtue was sincere.
 Whene'er I begg'd for blessings on thy head,
 Nothing was cold or formal that I said.

My

My warmest vows to heaven were made for thee,
And love still mingled with my piety,
Oh! Thou wast all my glory, all my pride,
Thro' life's uncertain paths my constant guide,
Regardless of the world, to gain thy praise,
Was all that cou'd my just ambition raise.

Why has my heart this fond engagement known?
Or why has heaven dissolv'd the tie for soon?
Why was the charming youth so form'd to move?
Or why was all my soul so turn'd for love?
But virtue, here a vain defence had made,
Where so much worth and eloquence cou'd plead,
For he cou'd talk — 'twas easy to hear,
'Twas joy, 'twas harmony to every ear,
Eternal music dwelt upon his tongue,
Soft and transporting as the muses song,
List'ning to him, my cares were charm'd to rest,
And love and silent rapture fill'd my breast,
Unheeded, the gay moments took their flight,
And time was only measur'd by delight.

I hear the lov'd, the melting accent still,
And still the warm, the tender transport feel:
Again I see the sprightly passions rise,
And life and pleasure kindle in his eyes.
My fancy paints him now with every grace,
But ah! the dear resemblance mocks my fond embrace.
The flattering vision takes its hasty flight,
And scenes of horror swim before my sight.
Grief and despair in all their terrors rise;
A dying lover pale and gasping lies.
Each dismal circumstance appears in view,
The fatal object is for ever new;
His anguish with the quickest sense I feel,
And hear this sad, this moving language still.

My dearest wife! my last, my fondest care!
Sure heaven for thee will hear a dying prayer,
Be thou the charge of sacred providence,
When I am gone, be that thy kind defence;
Ten thousand smiling blessings crown thy head,
When I am cold and number'd with the dead:

Think

Think on thy vows; be to my memory just,
My future fame and honour are thy trust.
From all engagements here I now am free,
But that which keeps my ling'ring soul with thee.
How much I love, thy bleeding heart can tell
Which does, like mine, the pangs of parting feel.
But haste to meet me on the happy plains,
Where mighty love in endless triumph reigns.

He ceas'd, then gently yielded up his breath,
And fell a blooming sacrifice to death.

But oh! what words, what numbers can express,
What thought conceive, the height of my distress.

Why did they tear me from thy breathless clay?

I should have stay'd and wept my life away.

Yet, gentle shade! whether thou now dost rove,

Thro' some blest vale, or ever verdant grove,

One moment listen to my grief and take

The softest vows that ever love can make.

For thee, all thoughts of pleasure I forgo,

For thee, my tears shall never cease to flow;

For

For thee at once I from the world retire,
 To feed in silent shades a hopeless fire.
 My bosom all thy image shall retain,
 The full impression there shall still remain:
 As thou hast taught my tender heart to prove
 The noblest height, and elegance of love;
 That sacred passion I to thee confine,
 My spotless faith shall be for ever thine.



V E R S E S *made to a Simile of*
 Mr. POPE'S.

By Mr. ROWE.

W H E N at our house the servants brawl,
 And raise an uproar in the Hall;
 When *John* the butler, and our *Mary*,
 About the plate and linen vary:

Till

Till the smart dialogue grows rich,
In sneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
Down comes my Lady like the Devil,
And makes 'em silent all and civil.
Thus Canon clears the cloudy air
And scatters tempests brewing there:
Thus Bullies sometimes keep the peace,
And one scold makes another cease.



S O N G.

*For the KING'S BIRTH-DAY 28th
of May 1716.*

By Mr. ROWE.

I.

LAY thy flowry garlands by,
Ever blooming gentle *May*!
Other honours now are nigh;
Other honours see we pay.
Lay thy flowry Garlands by, &c.

II.

Majesty and great renown
Wait thy beamy brow to crown,
Parent of our hero, thou,
George on Britain didst bestow.

Thee

Thee the trumpet, thee the drum,
 With the plumed helm, become;
 Thee the spear and shining shield,
 With ev'ry trophy of the warlike field.

III.

Call thy better blessings forth,
 For the honour of his birth:
 Still the voice of loud commotion,
 Bid complaining murmur cease,
 Lay the billows of the ocean;
 And compose the land in peace.
 Call thy better, &c.

IV.

Queen of odours, fragrant *May*,
 For this boon this happy day,
Janus with the double face
 Shall to thee resign his place,
 Thou shalt rule with better grace:
 Time from thee shall wait his doom,
 And thou shalt lead the year for ev'ry age to come.

Fairest Month! in *Cesar* pride thee,

Nothing like him can't thou bring,

Tho' the graces smile beside thee;

Tho' thy bounty gives the spring.

VI.

Tho' like *Flora* thou array thee,

Finer than the painted bow;

Carolina shall repay thee

All thy sweetness, all thy show.

She herself a glory greater

Than thy golden sun discloses;

And her smiling offspring sweeter

Than the bloom of all thy roses.



Upon

Upon NICOLINI and VALEN-
TINI's first coming to the House
in the Hay-Market.

By the same Hand.

A Mphion strikes the vocal lyre,
And ready at his call,
Harmonious brick and stone conspire
To raise the *Theban* wall.
In emulation of his praise

Two *Latian* seniors come,
A sinking Theatre to raise

And prop *Van's* tottering dome.
But how this last should come to pass

Must still remain unknown,
Since these poor Gentlemen, alas!

Bring neither brick nor stone.

*Anacreontick, to Mr. GAY; by
Dr. GARTH.*

WHEN Fame did o'er the spacious plains
The lays she once had learn'd, repeat;
All listn'd to the tuneful strains,
And wonder'd who cou'd sing so sweet.
'Twas thus. The graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame, the mules strung,
The loves and smiles compos'd the choir
And Gay transcrib'd what *Phæbus* sung.



Written

Writtten over a Study out of
MAYNARD.

LAS d'esperer, & de me plaindre
De l'amour, des grands, & du sort,
C'est icy que j'attens la mort,
Sans la desirer, ni la craindre.

In English for Sir W. Trumbull.

Tir'd with vain hopes, and with complaints as vain,
Of anxious love's alternate joy and pain,
Inconstant fortune's favour and her hate,
And unperforming friendships of the great;
Here both contented and resign'd, I lye;
Here learn to live; nor wish, nor fear to die.

*Sent to Sir PHILIP MEADOWS on
his Birth-Day, by Sir WILLIAM
TRUMBULL.*

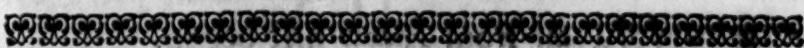
In Imitation of Martial, Book 10. Epig. 23.

Jam numerat placida felix Antonius Ævo. &c.

NOW blest *Antonius*, free from hopes and fears,
Has truly liv'd the space of seventy years,
In prudent ease; still chearful, still resign'd;
In health of body, and in peace of mind:
He sees past days safe out of fortune's pow'r,
Nor dreads approaching fate's uncertain hour:
Reviews his life, and in the strict survey,
Finds not one moment he cou'd wish away,
Pleas'd with the series of each happy day.

Such,

Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
 And from the goal again renews the race;
 For he lives twice, who can at once employ
 The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.



On the River DANUBE.

SEE how the wandering *Danube* flows,
 Realms and Religions parting;

A friend to all true christian foes,

To *Peter, Jack, and Martin.*

Now Protestant, and Papist now;

Not constant long to either,

At length an infidel does grow,

And ends his journey, neither.

Thus many a youth I've known set out

Half protestant, half papist,

And rambling long the world about,

Turn Infidel or Atheist.

On

Such, such a man extends his life's short space,



For he lives twice, who can at once employ

The Old Gentry, out of French.

THAT all from *Adam* first begun,

Sure none (but *Wh—stou*) doubts;
And that his son, and his son's son

Were plowmen, clowns and lotts:

Here lies the only difference now;

Some shot off late, some soon,

Your fires ith' morning left their plow;

And ours ith' afternoon.



To Mr. POPE on his Translation
of HOMER.

WHEN first thy Muse, in tuneful rural strains,
Sung *Windfor's* forests, and her flow'ry
plains,

A Tyrant's fall, *Britannia's* happy state;

Granville's high worth, and bright *Lodona's* fate;

Smit with thy lays, we join'd the *Sylvan* throng,

And heard with rapture the enchanting song.

The ravish'd fancy, thro' the painted meads,

Travels well-pleas'd, where'er thy musick leads.

Here the rich soil a plenteous harvest yields,

There bleating flocks impress the verdant fields;

Wide spreading oaks advance their heads on high,

And *Thames*, in silence, rows majestic by.

But

But lest we praise or censure without art,
Thy own best Rules thou kindly didst impart;
By that *Essay* we try thy unmix'd lines;

No dross appears, but the pure sterling shines.

When, to unbend, some lighter theme you chuse,
Invoking to your aid the sportive muse;

Th' attentive goddess, to your eyes confest,
Stands in gay thoughts and sprightly fancy drest,
With mimick grief *Belinda's* loss declares,
While ev'ry heart *Belinda's* Lock ensnares.

Next we behold with wonder and surprize,
High on a rock, Fame's glorious Temple rise;
There may we view, in shining order plac'd,
The mighty dead who former ages grac'd;
Homer, with holy fillets bound, we see,
And sure not far a seat reserv'd for thee.

Thus pleas'd and taught, we read you with delight;
But still you meditate a loftier flight:
Now, soaring high, you stretch upon the wing,
In daring strains the Prince of verse to sing.

The

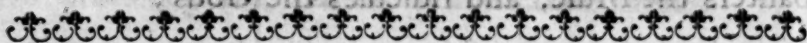
The vast design, alike by all admir'd,
With hopes of prey voracious criticks fir'd;
The busy witting the attempt explodes,
Banters the Muse, and ridicules the Gods;
Envy, the grateful tale rejoicing heard;
And, with a kind concern, Good-nature fear'd.
Pardon our fears; for, tho' we knew thee strong,
This stood confest th' inimitable song.

What none attempted, or attempting swerv'd,
By fate's decree was for thy pen reserv'd;
You, only you! the fierce *Maonian* steed
Mount with success, and lash him to his speed;
Firm in your seat, direct his noble force,
And, with unerring judgment, mark the course.
Homer's great soul in ev'ry line we see;
For if he sometimes nods, he's rous'd by thee.

With joy proceed! assur'd thy lasting name
Shall shine for ever in the lists of fame.
Thee we confess the glory of our isles,
And on thy work bright *Carolina* smiles.

But

But when one moment thou dost lightly spend,
 Indulgent to these humble strains attend
 The thanks and wishes of a grateful friend,

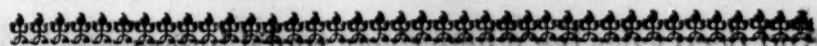


To a LADY, with the Tragedy of
 C A T O.

TWO thing Maids this happy scene displays,
 Each moves our rapture, and divides our praise.
 In *Martia* we her godlike father trace,
 While *Lucia* triumphs in each softer grace;
 None dare majestick *Martia's* charms refuse,
 But *Lucia's* soft captivity we chuse.
 Yet by the muse these fancy'd forms were wrought,
 And both are creatures of the Poet's thought.
 In you, who animate these lines, we view
 The wonder greater, the description true;
 Each living virtue, every grace combin'd,
 And *Martia's* manly soul with *Lucia's* sweetness joyn'd.

Had

Had you been born ally'd to *Cato's* name,
Juba's great heart had beat with fiercer flame,
 And pouring his resistless troops from far,
 With bolder deeds had turn'd the doubtful war;
Cesar had fled before his conquering arms,
 And rescu'd *Rome* built temples to your charms.



The forty third Chapter of Ecclesiasticus. Paraphrased.

By Mr. *BROOME*.

THE Sun that roul's his beamy orb on high,
 Pride of the world, and glory of the sky,
 Illustrious in his course! in bright array
 Marches along the heav'ns, and scatters day,
 O'er earth, and o'er the main, and thro' the ethereal
 way!

He

He in the morn renews his radiant round,
And warms the smiling bosom of the ground;
But e'er the noon of day in fiery gleams
He darts the glory of his blazing beams.
Before the burnings of his fultry ray
The everlasting mountains melt away,
Ev'n lessen'd seas contract within their shore,
And deep vales lye where rivers roul'd before.

Great art thou, Lord! unutterably bright!
He by thy order from his airy height
Pours o'er the world a flood of radiant light.
Whether he falls, or rises in the skies,
He by thy voice is taught to fall or rise!
Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his sphere,
And measures out the day, the month, and year.
He drives the hours along with flower pace,
While the quick minutes nimbly run their race.
He wakes the flow'rs that sleep within the earth,
And calls the fragrant infants out to birth;

The fragrant infants paint th' enamel'd vales;
 And native incense scents the balmy gales:
 The balmy gales the fragrancy convey
 To heav'n, and to their God an offering pay!

Thou too, Almighty Lord, didst form the mould
 Of the bright moon, and fill her orb with gold,
 Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light
 She breaks the solemn terrors of the night;
 Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
 She changes still, another, yet the same.
 Now in decrease by slow degrees she shrouds
 Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds,
 Now at increase her gathering beams display
 A blaze of light, and give a paler day.
 Ten thousand stars adorn her glittering train,
 Fall, when she falls, and rise with her again:
 Thro' the wide heav'ns she moves serenely bright
 Queen of the gay attendants of the night:
 Orb above orb in sweet confusion lyes,
 And with a bright disorder throngs the skies.

The Lord of nature fram'd the show'ry bow,
Turn'd its gay arch, and bad its colours glow;
Its radiant circle compasses the skies,
And sweetly the rich tinctures faint and rise:
It bids the horrors of the storm to cease,
Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempest please.

He, when embattled clouds in black array
O'er the wide heav'ns their gloomy lines display,
Pours down a watry deluge from on high,
And opens all the sluices of the sky;
The rushing torrents drown the floated ground,
The mountains tremble, and the plains resound:
Mean time from every region of the sky
Red burning bolts in forky vengeance fly:
Dreadfully bright the flaming lightnings glare,
And mighty thundrings shake th' encumber'd air!
The shining ruin from th' Almighty hurl'd
Rocks the foundations of the stedfast world:

He gives the furious whirlwind strength to fly,
To rend the earth and wheel along the sky,

In circling eddies whirl'd it roars aloud,
Drives wave on wave, and dashes cloud on cloud;
Where'er it moves, it lays whole forests low,
And at the blast eternal mountains bow.
He from aerial treasures downward pours
Sheets of unfulled snow in lucid shower's:
A dazzling brightness crowns the shining meads;
And o'er the ground a virgin whiteness spreads;
The hoary trees reflect a glittering snow,
And groves beneath the lovely burden bow.

He from loose vapours with an icy chain
Binds the firm hail, and molds the harden'd rain:
The stony tempest with a rushing sound
Drives thro' the air, and rattles on the ground:
Swiftly it falls, and in its fall invades
The rising corn, and breaks the spreading blades;
While infant flow'rs that rais'd their bloomy heads
Crush'd by its fury sink into their beds.

When stormy winter from the frozen north
Born on his icy chariot issues forth,

The blasted groves their verdant pride resign,
And rivers harden'd into crystal shine.
Ev'n the proud seas forget in tides to roul
Beneath the freezings of the northern pole:
Oft waves on waves in solid mountains rise,
And *Alpes* of ice invade the wondring skies;
While gulphs below, and slippery vallies lye,
And with a dreadful brightness strike the eye:
But if warm winds a warmer air restore
And softer breezes bring a genial show'r,
The genial show'r revives the chearful plain,
And the huge hills flow down into the main.

When the seas rage, and loud the ocean roars
And foamy billows lash the sounding shores:
If he in thunder bid the waves subside,
The waves obedient sink upon the tide:
A sudden peace controuls the hoary deep,
And the still waters in soft silence sleep.

They who attempt the terrors of the main,
Survey the wonders which the depths contain:

They

They o'er the waves their opening sails unbind,
Tempt the rough breeze, and bound before the wind:
Now high they mount, now shoot into a vale,
Now smooth their course, and scud before the gale,
There rousing monsters arm'd in scaly pride,
Flounce in the billows and dash wide the tide:
There huge *Leviathan* unwieldy moves,
And o'er the floods a living island, roves:
In dreadful pastime terribly he sports,
And the vast ocean scarce his weight supports:
Where'er he turns, the hoary deeps divide,
He breaths a tempest, and he spouts a tide.

Thus, Lord, the wonders of earth, sea, and air,
Thy boundless wisdom, and thy pow'r declare:
Thou high in glory and in might serene,
See'st and mov'st all, thy self unmov'd, unseen!
Should men and angels joyn in songs to raise
A grateful tribute equal to thy praise;
Yet far thy glory would their praise outshine
Tho' men and angels in the song should joyn.

For tho' thy works compleatly wise appear,
 And every where are great, and wondrous every where:
 Yet in the spacious regions of the skies
 New scenes unfold, and worlds on worlds arise:
 There other orbs, round other suns advance,
 Float in the air, and run their mystick dance.



To PHOEBUS.

Tibullus *Eleg. iv. lib. iv.*

Great God of art, whose locks unshaven grow
 In graceful curls, and o'er thy shoulders flow,
 Extend thy pity to a tender maid,
 Who pines with sickness, and implores thy aid,
 The pleasure to approach a nymph so fair,
 Believe me, *Phæbus*, will be worth thy care.
 With chosen medicines to the combat go
 And from his quarters drive the cruel foe,

Lest he the beautys of her face impair,
 And crop the lovely roses blooming there.
 Of sad events whatever fears may grow,
 Let 'em be scatter'd by the winds that blow.
 Bring all the herbs to physick that belong,
 And all the charms that flow from tuneful song:
 Some soverain cordial for her ease prepare,
 Nor plunge her lover in a deep despair,
 Who importunes the Gods with fervent pray'r.
 But when he finds his passionate address
 Puts no immediate end to her distress,
 He frets, he storms, and in a frantick strain
 Blasphemes the pow'rs he had ador'd in vain.
 Forbear, desponding youth! to grieve forbear,
 True lovers are the Gods peculiar care.
 Reserve thy tears: shou'd she reject with scorn
 Thy proffer'd love, it wou'd be time to mourn,
 Now of her thoughts thou art the constant theme,
 By day her whole desire, at night her dream.

Others perhaps may hope, but hope in vain,
 Thou hast her heart intire, and they disdain.
Phæbus assist! what praise will be thy due,
 In curing her, to raise her lover too?
 For where their union is so closely made,
 At once they flourish, and at once they fade.
 What pleasing smiles will sit upon thy brows,
 To thee their healer, when they pay their vows?
 When garlands at thy shrine their temples crown,
 What vast encrease 'twill add to thy renown!
 The Gods will all impatiently desire
 To share thy fame, and matchless skill acquire.



Part of the second Chorus of
 SENECA's Hercules OEtæus.

By Mr. JAMES WARD.

However great, who'er you are,
 Who earth's imperial scepters bear,

Tho'

Tho' thousands in your palace wait,
And croud your hundred rooms of state,
Of all the slaves that cringe around,
Scarce ev'n in one can truth be found.

The furies in proud domes reside,
And thro' the doors extended wide
Steal covert fraud, and cautious guile,
The dark design, the treach'rous smile,
And dagger hid — In publick go,
Envy attends the pompous show:
Each night outliv'd, each rising morn,
To life renew'd the prince is born.

How few, that wait around the throne,
Its welfare seek, and not their own!
What numbers to the courts of kings
Or av'rice, or ambition brings!

This man delights with haughty pride,
In publick at the monarch's side,
In solemn state to pass along,
Envy'd by all the gaping throng;

Gay wretch! vain-glory fires his breast,
Imperuous, dire, tormenting guest!

That, with the love of riches curst,
Strives to allay his boundless thirst;
Yet not fam'd *Ister's* pearly strand,
Nor all rich *Tagus'* golden sand,
Nor shores, whence western gales arise,
Nor both the *Indies* can suffice;
Ev'n tho' he gave *Hydaspes* law,
And cou'd the wealthy *Ganges* draw
Thro' his own lands secure to run,
The precious product all his own:
Not yet content, too little all,
Whole nature seems to av'rice small.

One zealous courts his princes ear,
Nor makes the publick good his care,
That the bright plough may never cease,
And peasants reap their fields in peace,
'Tis wealth he covers, to sustain
His own profuse, depending train.

Others,

Others, that boundless pow'r possess,
 The helpless wrong, the poor oppress,
 In vile revenge their might employ,
 And grasp at pow'r but to destroy.

But oh how oft with hand unseen
 Fate breaks the airy schemes of men!
 The happy at the rising day,
 Wretched beholds it's setting ray.
 Whose wrinkled brows, and hoary hair
 Come all from time, and none from care?

Stretch'd on the turf in *Sylvan* shades
 No fear the peasant's rest invades:
 While gilded roofs, and beds of state
 Perplex the slumbers of the great.
 Oh! were the minds of courtiers seen,
 What cares tempestuous rage within,
 And scourge their souls! the *Brutian* sea
 Toss'd by wild storms more calm than they.

Calm, and content the poor man's soul,
 Smiling he rears the beechen bowl,

No fear his hearty draught restrains,
No poyson th' honest wood contains;
But massy plate dire drugs defile,
And golden cups to death beguile.
Pleas'd with his plain, and homely meats,
No swords surround him as he eats.
His modest wife, of virtue try'd,
Knows not th' expensive arts of pride;
Her neck no circling jewels wears,
No pearls depending load her ears;
No silks she boasts from *India* brought,
Rich by the painting needle wrought;
Nor proud allures each wanton eye
In stuffs of double *Tyrian* dye.
Her easy wish, the homespun fleece
Plain in its native hue, can please.
Yet happy in her mean estate,
She feels not storms, that vex the great;
No vap'rous spleen disturbs her head,
No jealous doubt her nuptial bed;

Unlike

Unlike the dame, whose day of birth
Each year sounds solemn thro' the earth.

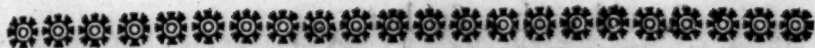
When fortune's rage the great pursues,
The swain, amaz'd, their ruin views,
Then his own blifs begins to know,
And thank kind heav'n that plac'd him low.
Whoever shuns the middle space
With danger runs th' appointed race:
While the weak Boy advent'rous try'd
His fathers fiery orb to guide,
And th' erring steeds the charriot bore
Thro' fatal paths untrod before,
Forth from th' exalted station hurl'd,
He with himself destroy'd the world.

Wife *Dædalus*, content to fly
Thro' the mid region of the sky,
Safe to the *Latian* borders came,
And falling gave no sea a name.
While *Icarus*, proud-soaring high'r,
Contemn'd the caution of his fire,

And

And striving real birds t' outdo,
Mounting with rash presumption flew
Too near the sun's intensest ray;
Dying he nam'd a nameless sea.
Who of his ruin pays the price
Dear, much too dear, his grandeur buys.

Let others insolent, and great,
Enjoy the treach'rous smiles of fate:
To courts ah never let me roam,
Blest with content, and peace at home.
May my small bark in safety sail;
Ne'er tempted by a prosp'rous gale,
Roving to leave the sight of shore,
And dang'rous, distant deeps explore.
Fortune disdains the humble prey,
Dreadful she scours the spacious sea,
And plunges ships in all their pride,
Whose lofty masts the clouds divide.



S O N G.

1. 'T Was in this shade,
While the Winds play'd,

And the birds warbled under each bough;

While fountains flow

Murm'ring below;

In my arms *Phyllis* utter'd this vow.

2. Swain when I prove

False to thy love,

All the wing'd nation no more shall sing,

No leaf shall shoot,

Winds shall be mute,

And not a murmur heard in the spring!

3. Thus did she swear;

Pleas'd did I hear;

But words of women, when they are kind,

Shou'd last for ever,
 Grav'd with a feather,
 In the loose leaves, the water, or wind.

4. Sweet as the rose,
 White as the snows,
 Like 'em soon faded, fullied, is woman;
 Fair like the moon,
 Changing as soon;
 Bright as the sun, and as the sun common.

5. Like the frail flower,
 (Child of an hour)
 Such are her beauties, such are our blisses;
 Opening when blooming,
 Gayly consuming,
 Ev'ry bee sucks 'em, ev'ry wind kisses!





VERSES in imitation of WALLER.
By a Youth of thirteen.

*Of the Lady who could not sleep
in a stormy Night.*

AS gods sometimes descend from heav'n and deign
On earth a while with mortals to remain,
So gentle sleep from *Serenissa* flies,
To dwell at last upon her lover's eyes,
That god's indulgence can she justly crave,
Who flies the tyrant to relieve the slave?
Or should those eyes alone that rest enjoy,
Which in all others they themselves destroy?

G

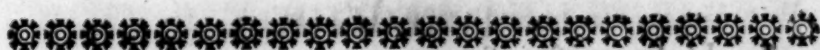
Let

Let her whom fear denies repose to take,
 Think for her love what crowds of wretches wake.
 So us'd to fighs, so long inur'd to tears,
 Are winds and tempests dreadful to her ears?
 Love with a nod may bid the world to rest,
 But *Serenissa* must becalm the breast.

Of her singing to a Lute.

FAIR charmer cease, nor add your tuneful breath
 T' o'ercome the slave your eyes have doom'd to
 Death:
 Well might, alas! that threaten'd vessel fail,
 Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
 We were too blest with these enchanting lays,
 Which must be heav'nly when an angel plays;
 But killing charms the lover's death contrive,
 Lest heav'nly musick should be heard alive.

Orpheus could charm the trees, but thus a tree
 Taught by your hand; can charm no less than he;
 The silent wood, of old, a poet drew;
 This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.



Of her Picture.

THE nymph her graces here express'd may find,
 And by this picture learn to dress her mind;
 For here no frowns make tender love afraid,
 Soft looks of mercy grace the flatt'ring shade,
 And, while we gaze, the gracious form appears
 T' approve our passion and forbid our fears.
Narcissus here a different fate had prov'd,
 Whose bright resemblance by himself was lov'd;
 Had he but once this fairer shade descry'd,
 Not for his own, but hers, the youth had dy'd.

Of her Sickness.

A H *Sereniffa*, from our arms
Did you for death's preserve your charms;
From us that serv'd so long in vain,

Shall heav'n so soon the prize obtain?

Sickness, its courtship, makes the fair

As pale as her own lovers are.

Sure you, the goddess we adore,

Who all coelestial seem'd before,

While vows and service nothing gain'd,

Which, were you woman, had obtain'd;

At last in pity, for our sake,

Descend an human form to take,

And by this sickness chuse to tell

You are not now invincible.



*Of her walking in a Garden after
a Shower.*

SEE how the sun in dusky skies
Veils his fair glories, while he spies
Th' unclouded lustre of her eyes!

Her bashful beauties once defery'd,
The vanquish'd roses lose their pride,
And in their buds their blushes hide.

Myrtles have lost their balmy smell,
And drooping lillies seem to tell
How much her sweets their own excel.

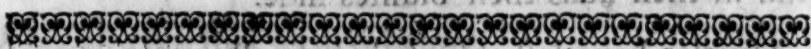
See! She retires: Nor can we say
If light breaks out or goes away,
For *Sol's* is now the only ray.

Lo how their heads the lillies rear,
And with fresh sweets perfume the air,
When their bright rival is not there.

Again grown proud, the spreading rose
Irs bloomy beauties does disclose,
And to the skies its incense throws.

Her glorious charms eclipse the day;
Nature itself is only gay,
When *Serenissa* is away.

Like, yet unlike these flow'rs am I;
I languish when her charms draw nigh,
But if she disappears, I dye.



Of her Sighing.

WHEN love would strike th' offending fair,
This incense bribes the god to spare;
And *Cytheræa* now does prize
No sweets but *Serenissa's* sighs.

The

The yielding nymph by these confest,
 Encourag'd lovers seek her breast:
 So spicy gales at once betray
 Th' *Arabian* coast, and waft us on our way.

VERSES in imitation of COWLEY.
 By the same Hand.

Weeping.

HOW lovely sorrow seems, how bright!

Drest in the glories of her eyes:

The sun (next those the fairest light)

Thus from the waters first did rise.

And thus thro' mists we view the sun,

Which else we durst not gaze upon.

As the soft dews of morning skies

Foretell the noon's increasing beams;

So these mild drops from *Celia's* eyes

But threaten more destructive flames.

From the same cloud we thus descry

The shower's descend, and lightnings fly.

III.

The baby, in that sunny sphere

So like a *Phaëton* appears,

That heav'n, the threaten'd world to spare,

Thought fit to drown him in her tears:

'Twas else th' ambitious *Celia's* aim,

Those eyes shou'd set the world on flame.



IV

Presenting a Lark.

I.

GO tuneful bird, forbear to soar,
 And the bright sun admire no more;
 Go bask in *Serenissa's* eyes,
 And turn a bird of paradise.

II.

In those fair beams thy wings display,
 Take shorter journeys to the day,
 And at an humbler pitch prefer
 Thy musick to an angel's ear.

III.

Nor, tho' her slave, thy lot deplore;
 The god of love himself's no more:
 Ev'n him to constancy she brings,
 And clips, like thine, his wav'ring wings.

IV. She

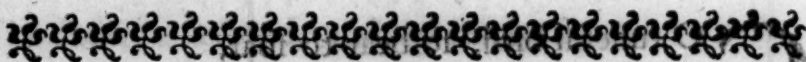
IV.

She gains from us, as now from thee,

Our songs by our captivity;

But happier you attention gain,

While wretched lovers sing in vain.



The River.

I.

HAIL sacred spring, whose fruitful stream
 Fattens the flocks, and cloaths the plain;
 The melancholy poets theme,
 And solace of the thirsty swain.

II.

Thou fly'st, like time, with eager haste;
 Behind thy self thou still dost stay;
 Thy stream, like his, is never past,
 And yet is ever on the way.

III.

While mankind boasts superior sight,
 With eyes erect the heav'ns to see;
 The starry eyes of heav'n delight
 To gaze upon themselves in thee.

IV.

A second sun thou dost present,
 And bring new heav'ns before our eyes;
 We view a milder firmament,
 And pleas'd, look downward to the skies.

V.

Thy streams were once th' impartial test
 Of untaught nature's humble pride,
 When by thy glass the nymphs were drest,
 In flow'rs, the honours of thy side.

VI.

Of thee they drank, till blushing fruit
 Was raviſht from the tender vine;
 And man, like thee, was impollute,
 Till miſchief learn'd to mix with wine.



THE
Fourth ODE
OF
CATULLUS.

Paraphras'd in the manner of COWLEY.

Phaselus ille, &c.

*On the Boat that carried him into
his own Country.*

THIS racer of the watry plain,
Cou'd once outstrip the fleetest sail;

With oary finns to swim the main,

Or wing'd with canvass, fly before the gale!

II.

On *Pontus* streams she freely rides,
Whom roots once fasten'd to the shore;
And turn'd a tenant of the tides,
Reviews the mountains where she grew before:

III.

Where once she stood a living shade,
And (veil'd in clouds) her head did rear,
Her verdant tresses round her play'd,
Sung to the wind, and danc'd in open air:

IV.

Of old, *Cytarus* top she crown'd;
And, at his bottom while she moves,
Renews acquaintance with the ground,
Her kindred trees, and her coeval groves:

V.

Here, where she tempted first the tides,
And crept on unexperienc'd oars;
On bounding billows tost she rides,
Secure on surges, as of old on shoars.

VI.

Whether when hov'ring in the sky,
 The wandring winds did loofely blow;
 Or sweeping from all quarters fly,
 When *Jove* abroad on all their wings would go.

VII.

At last she left the stormy seas,
 But to no gods her vows did make,
 Till now her vessel laid at ease,
 Sleeps on the bosom of the gentle lake.

VIII.

Here her old age its rest obtains,
 Secure from all the watry war;
 And consecrates its last remains,
 To thee, bright *Caster*, and thy Brother Star!

IX.





CATULLUS.

Ad Peninsulam Sirmionem.

I.

FAIR soil, thou brightest of all isles;
Of earth's sweet face thou charming eye,
On whom the dimpled ocean smiles,
While in his glass thou dost thy beauty spy.

II.

Though round all lands he throws his arms,
He most prefers thy lov'd embrace,
Returns, and dwells upon thy charms,
And bears to thee the spoils of ev'ry place.

III.

Oh happy he! that freed from care,
Lays by his load; and, weary grown,
Whence first he wander'd, settles there;
And on his native earth lies softly down!

IV. Gen.

IV.

Gentle and soft, as tender sheep
 On their own easy fleeces fall;
 His silent life drops fast asleep,
 Forgets all toils, or only dreams of all.

V.

Hail land, that all diversion yields!
 Rejoice and laugh, thou flow'ry soil!
 Shine in your gaudy dress, my fields,
 And ev'ry sporting wave put on a smile!

LYDIA *Imitated from the Lyric
 of Corn. Gallus.*

By the same Hand.

I. **F** Airéſt, more white than falling ſnows,
 Or riſing lillies to the eye;
 Thy cheeks excell the damasque roſe,
 More ſmooth than poliſh'd ivory;

II. Un-

II.

Unbind thy locks; those locks unroll'd,

In shining circles round thee shed,

Like a rich veil of beaten gold

Thy comely shoulders overspread.

III.

Let thy bright eyes dart heav'nly fire,

And let a blush thy cheeks adorn;

Those eyes can make the stars retire,

Those blushes stain the purple morn.

IV.

Those lips, those balmy lips impart;

Dove-like, thy closest kisses give;

Thou suck'st my spirits from my heart,

Thou draw'st my blood, and yet I live.

V.

Oh hide that breast, that milky breast,

Whose charms my ravish'd soul confound;

Thy bosom breathes a spicy nest,

And rising beauties veil thee round!

H

VI.

VI.

Ah! dost thou go? while here I lye
Love-sick, and dying with thy charms?
O fair physician, do not fly,
But raise thy patient in thy arms!





To the D. of R.

By the EARL of MULGRAVE.

THOU lovely slave to a rude husband's will,
 By nature us'd so well, by him so ill !
 For all that grief we see your mind endure,
 Your glass presents you with a pleasing cure.
 Those maids you envy for their happier state,
 To have your form, would gladly have your fate ;
 And of like slavery each wife complains,
 Without such beauty's help to bear her chains.
 Husbands like him we all around us see ;
 But where can we behold a wife like thee ?
 While to a tyrant you by fate are tied,
 By love you tyrannize o'er all beside :

To

H 2

Those

Those eyes, tho' weeping, can no pity move:
Worthy our grief! more worthy of our love!
You, while so fair, do fortune what she please,
Can be no more in pain, than we at ease;
Unless unsatisfied with all our vows,
Your vain ambition so unbounded grows,
That you repine a husband should escape
Th' united force of such a face, and shape.
If so, alas! for all those charming powers,
Your case is just as desperate as ours!
Expect that birds should only sing to you,
And, as you walk, that every tree should bow;
Expect those statues, as you pass, should burn,
And that with wonder men should statues turn;
Such beauty is enough to give things life,
But not to make a husband love his wife.
A husband, worse than statues, or than trees,
Colder than those, less sensible than these!
Then from so dull a care your thoughts remove,
And waste not sighs you only owe to Love.

His

His injur'd pow'r requires you should repair
 Past faults, and shew some due regardful care
 For dying lovers, who so justly prize
 What none but this possessor would despise.
 So precious jewels among *Indians* grow,
 Who nor the use, nor wondrous value know;
 For that bright treasure thus in vain we toil,
 Which lyes by them neglected all the while.

*A Dialogue sung on the Stage be-
 tween an elderly Shepherd, and
 a very young Nymph.*

By the EARL of MULGRAVE.

Shep. **B** Right and blooming as the spring,
 Universal love inspiring!
 All our swains thy praises sing,
 Ever gazing and admiring.

Nymph. Praises in so high a strain,
And by such a shepherd sung,
Are enough to make me vain,
Yet so harmless and so young.

Shep. I should have despair'd among
Rivals that appear so gayly;
But your eyes have made me young,
By their smiling on me daily.

Nymph. Skillless boys admire us blindly;
Are unconstant, wild, and bold;
And your using me so kindly,
Is a proof you are not old.

Shep. With thy pleasing voice, and fashion,
With thy humour, and thy youth,
Chear my soul, and crown my passion,
Oh! reward my love and truth.

Nymph. With thy careful art to cover
That which fools will count a fault,
Truest friend as well as lover,
Oh deserve so kind a thought!

Happy

Both together.

Happy we shall lye possessing,

Folded in each other's arms,

Love and nature's chiefest blessing

In the still increasing charms.

So the dearest joys of loving,

Which scarce heav'n's can go beyond,

Wee'l be ev'ry day improving,

Shep. You more fair, and I more fond.

Nymph. I more fair, and you more fond.



The Warning.

By the EARL of MULGRAVE.

I.

Lovers, who wast your thoughts, and youth,

In passion's fond extreams;

Who dream of women's love and truth,

And doat upon your dreams.

H 4

I should

II.

I should not here your fancy take
From such a pleasing state,
Were you not sure at last to wake,
And find your fault too late.

III.

Then, know betimes, the love which crowns
Our cares, is all but wiles;
Compos'd of false fantastick frowns,
And soft dissembling smiles.

IV.

With anger, which sometimes they feign,
They cruel tyrants prove;
And then turn flatterers again,
With as affected love.

V.

As if some injury were meant
To whom they kindly used,
Those lovers are the most content,
Who still have been refused,

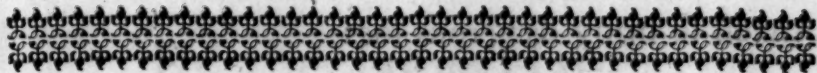
VI.

Since in our bosoms each has nurs'd

A false and fawning foe ;

'Tis just, and wise, by striking first,

To 'scape the fatal blow.



*On DON ALONZO's being killed
in PORTUGAL upon account of
the INFANTA in the Year 1683.*

By the same Hand.

I.

IN such a cause no muse should fail

To bear a mournful part ;

'Tis just and noble to bewail

The fate of fall'n desert :

II.

In vain, ambitious hopes design'd

To make his soul aspire,

If love and beauty had not joyn'd

To raise a brighter fire.

III.

Amidst so many dang'rous foes

How weak the wisest prove!

Reason it self would scarce oppose,

And seems agreed with love.

IV.

At worst, he dies for *Julia's* charms;

But if no stars oppose,

He reigns, and revels in her arms,

And laughs at all his foes.





*On apprehension of loosing for ever
what he had newly gained.*

By the same Hand.

SURE, I of all men am the first,
That ever was with kindness curst;
Who must my only blifs bemoan,
And am by happiness undone.

Had I at distance only seen
That lovely face, I might have been
With the delightful object pleas'd,
But not with all this passion seiz'd.
And when at last so near I came,
As to be scorch'd with beauty's flame;
To so much softness, so much sense,
Reason it self made no defence.

What pleasing thoughts possess my mind
When little favours shew'd her kind!
And tho' when coldness oft' prevail'd,
My heart would sink, and spirits fail'd;
Yet willingly the yoke I bore,
And all her chains as bracelets wore;
At her lov'd feet all day would lye
Desiring, yet not knowing why;
For, not yet blest within her arms,
Who could have thought of half her charms?
Charms of such a wondrous kind;
Words we cannot, must not find.
A body worthy of her mind!
Fancy could ne'er so high reflect,
Nor love it self such joys expect;
Such perfect shape, so white a skin,
So smooth without, so sweet within;
Limbs so well turn'd, and all so fine,
Her very body is divine.

After

After such kind embraces past,
(Whose memory must ever last)
I now am still reflecting back,
And all my thoughts are on a rack.
To be in hell's sufficient curse ;
But sure, to fall from heav'n, is worse.
I liv'd in grief e'er this I knew,
But then I dwelt in darkness too ;
Of mighty gains I could not boast ;
But little thought how much I lost.

Now heart-devouring eagerness,
And sharp impatience to possess ;
Now restless cares, tormenting fires,
Anxious thoughts, and fierce desires,
All tear my heart, to that degree,
For ever fix'd on only thee ;
That all my comfort is, I shall
Live in thy arms, or not at all.

*The sad Surprise.*

By the same Hand.

SOME vex their souls with jealous pain,
While others sigh for cold disdain;
Love's various slaves we daily see,
Yet happy all compar'd with me.
Of all mankind I lov'd the best
A nymph so far above the rest,
That we outshin'd the blest above,
She in beauty, I in love:
And therefore they, who could not bear
To be outdone by mortals here,
Among themselves have plac'd her now,
And left me wretched here below.

All other Fate I could have born,
 And ev'n endur'd her very scorn!
 But, oh! thus all at once to find
 Her lost, yet constant; dead, and kind!
 What heart can hold? And if I live,
 'Tis but to shew how much I grieve.



*To Mr. POPE, in answer to a Copy
 of Verses, occasion'd by a little
 Dispute upon four Lines in the
 RAPE of the LOCK.*

By a Lady of Quality.

I.

Disarm'd, with so genteel an air,
 The contest I give o'er,
 Yet, vent'rous Poet! have a care,
 And shock the sex no more.

We

II.

We rule the world, our lives long race,

Men but assume that right,

First slaves to ev'ry tempting face,

Then, Martyrs to our spight.

III.

You, of one *Orpheus* sure have read,

Who wou'd like you have writ,

Had he in *London* town been bred,

And polish'd, to his wit.

IV.

But he, poor soul, thought all was well,

And great shou'd be his fame,

When he had left his wife in hell,

And birds, and beasts cou'd tame.

V.

Yet vent'ring then with scoffing rhimes

The women to incense,

Resenting heroines, of those times,

Soon punish'd the offence.

VI.

VI.

But you our follies, gently treat,
 And spin so fine the thread,
 You need not fear his aukward fate;
 The *Lock* won't cost the *Head*.

VII.

Our Admiration you command,
 For all you sung before;
 What next we look for at your hand,
 Can only raise it more.

VIII.

Yet sooth the ladies, I advise,
 As me, to pride you've wrought;
 We're born to wit, but to be wise
 By admonitions taught:





To Mr. POPE.

By BEVIL HIGGONS *Esq;*

THY wit in vain the feeble Critick gnaws;
 While the hard metal breaks the serpent's jaws,
 Grieve not, my friend, that spight and brutal rage
 At once thy person, and thy muse engage;
 Our virtues only from our selves can flow,
 Health, strength, and beauty to blind chance we owe.
 But heav'n indulgent to thy nobler part,
 In thy fair mind exprest the nicest art:
 Nature too busy to regard the whole,
 Forgets the body, to adorn the soul.

From

*From CLAUDIAN: On a Globe of
Crystal containing Water in it.*

SEE how firm waters wandering streams inclose!
In its bright prison the free fountain flows:
Chain'd in their ice the secret floods reside,
Themselves the banks, and are themselves the tide.
The Chrystal, warm'd in vain by th' amorous ray,
Preserves her winter, and excludes the day.
Or stone or stream, alike a wondrous one,
A solid river, or a liquid stone.





Solitude. An Ode.

I.

HOW happy he, who free from care,
The rage of courts, and noise of towns;
Contented breaths his native air,

In his own grounds.

II.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

In winter fire.

III.

Blest! who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide swift away,
In health of body, peace of mind,

Quiet by day,

Sound

IV.

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mix'd ; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

V.

Thus let me live, unheard, unknown ;
Thus unlamented let me dye ;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lye.





*Upon the PHENICIANS Inventors
of Letters. From Brebæuf.*

C *E'st de la que nous vient cet art ingénieux
De peindre la parole, & de parler aux yeux,
Qui par des Traits diuers en figures tracées,
A Donné du Corps & de l'ame aux pensées.*

Englified.

Those happy arts from their invention rise,
Of painting speech, and speaking to the eyes;
They first by various lines in figures wrought,
Gave soul to words, and body to a thought.





PALÆMON. *A Pastoral.*

'T Was at the time, when to the Morning skies
 The flow'r's unfolding made their incense rise,
 And fresh *Aurora*, from her rosy bow'r,
 On the glad soil distill'd a pearly show'r.
Palemon then, the melancholy swain,
 Resign'd to care, lay stretch'd along the plain.
 Him, while his looks his discontent confess,
Menalcas found, and finding thus address.

MENALCAS.

Why, dear *Palemon*, art thou sadly laid
 Alone, and musing, in so sweet a shade?
 Here thrive the flocks, and here the fields are blest,
 Here murmur'ing streams invite thy mind to rest,
 Here tender moss affords an easy bed,
 And dancing osiers scatt'ring shadows shed.

PALÆMON.

Not all the streams that feed these flow'rs suffice
 To bless the fields from which *Amynta* flies :
 While she disdains, the mournful swain his lays
 Forgets to caroll, and his flocks to graze.
 I'll seek the dens where savage beasts repair,
 But ah! less savage than the angry fair;
 There I, retreating from *Amynta's* hate,
 From wolves and bears expect a milder fate!

MENALCAS.

Then who shall lead the smiling nymphs along
 In wanton rings, and rival *Pan* in song?
 The vocal vales and airy hills around
 No more shall echo to thy silver sound:
 Still may they ring; and thee, oh gentle swain,
 Still may these vales and airy hills detain!
 If thy *Menalcas* e'er to thee was dear,
 Or his rude numbers pleas'd *Palæmon's* ear.

PALÆ.

PALÆMON.

Thy strains, *Menalcas*, more delight my mind,
 Than the soft musick of the warbling wind,
 Than whisp'ring trees when *Zephyr* fans the grove,
 Or bleating lambs that round the vallies rove.
 But since so well your tuneful voice you raise,
 Say, hast thou ought in bright *Amynta's* praise?

MENALCAS.

I'll try the song, which while the winds were still,
 And moon serene, I sung on yonder hill.

Fair are the skies and *Cynthia's* silver light;
 And fair the stars that gild the gloomy night;
 Pleasing and fair the glitt'ring waters shew;
 But none so pleasing, none so fair as you.
 Around your face a thousand *Cupids* play,
 As thick as bees about the blooms in *May*.
 Yet from those eyes, like noon-tide beams, we run,
 And seek a shelter from the scorching sun.

PALÆ-

P A L Æ M O N.

Ah 'tis too true! for *Cupid's* deadly dart
 Sent from those eyes, has pierc'd *Palemon's* heart,
 Death calls me now; to shades unknown I go;
 Yet shall my love for ever last below!
 You, happier swains! my am'rous woes shall sing;
 With lost *Palemon* ev'ry grove shall ring,
Palemon lost! each echoing rock shall sound,
Palemon! all the fields and floods rebound.
 Mean time my tomb this mournful verse may bear;
 This, ev'n the nymph may read, and drop a tear.
 " Slain by a cruel maid's relentless hate,
 " Here turn'd to dust, the swain *Palemon* lies;
 " Shepherds, if you wou'd shun so hard a fate,
 " Look not, ah look not on *Amynta's* eyes!





The Four-legg'd Elder.

By Sir JOHN BERKENHEAD, Kt.

ALL christians, and lay-elders too,
For shame amend your lives;
I'll tell ye of a dog-trick now,
Which much concerns your wives.

An elder's maid near *Temple-Bar*,
(Ah what a quean was she!)
Did take an ugly mastive cur
Where christians ought to be.

One evening late she stept aside,
Pretending to fetch eggs;
And then she made her self a bride
To one that had four legs.

Her master heard a rumblement,
 And wonder'd she did tarry;
 Not dreaming, without his consent,
 His dog wou'd ever marry.

He took his ruling elders cane,
 And cry'd out help, help here!
 For *Swash* our mastive and poor *Jane*
 Are now, fight dog, fight bear.

But when he came, he was full sorry,
 For he perceiv'd their strife;
 According to the directory,
 They two were dog and wife.

Ah (then said he) thou cruel quean
 Why hast thou me beguil'd?
 I wonder'd *Swash* was grown so lean;
 Poor dog! he's almost spoil'd!

I thought

I thought thou hadst no carnal sense

But what's in other lasses,

And cou'dst have quench'd thy cupiscence

According to the classes.

Out, out, (quoth he, and smote her down)

Are mankind grown so scant?

There's scarce another dog in town

Had took the covenant.

Then *Swash* began to look full grim,

And *Jane* did thus reply,

Sir, you thought nought too good for him,

You fed your dog too high:

'Tis true, he took me in the lurch,

And leapt into my arm,

But (as I hope to go to church)

I did your dog no harm.

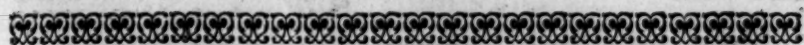
Hers

Hers was but fornication found,
 For which she felt the lash!
 But his was buggery presum'd,
 Therefore they hanged *Swash*!

What will become of bishops then,
 And independency,
 Since now we find both dogs and men
 Stand for presbytery?

She might have took a fow-gelder,
 With fynod men good store;
 But she wou'd have a lay-elder,
 With two legs and two more.

Take heed all christian virgins now!
 The dog-star much prevails;
 Ladies, beware of monkeys too,
 For monkeys have long tails.



The four-legg'd Quaker.

By Sir JOHN BERKENHEAD.

ALL that have two, (or but one ear,
(I dare not tell ye halt)

You of an *Effex Colt* shall hear

That shames their very *Calf*.

In *Horsely* fields near *Colchester*,

A Quaker wou'd turn trooper,

He caught a foal, and mounted her

(Oh base) below the crupper.

Tho' it was foul twixt *Swash* and *Jane*,

Yet this was ten times worse,

For then a dog did play the man,

But man now play'd the horse!

The

The owner of the colt was nigh,

Observing their embrace,

And drawing nearer, did espy

The Quakers forrel-face:

My foal is ravish'd (then he cries,

And fiercely at him ran)

Thou rogue, I'll have thee halter'd twice,

As horse, and eke as man.

My colt's not guilty of this fact,

She was by thee compelled,

Poor thing! whom no man ever back'd

Thou wickedly hast belly'd.

The master saw his foal defil'd,

Which vext his soul with doubt;

For if his filly prov'd with child,

He knew all wou'd come out.

Then

Then he afresh began to rave,
 (for all his money taking)
Neighbours, quoth he, I took this knave
 Ith' very act of *Quaking*.

O stone him (all the women cry'd)
 Or geld him, which is worfe ;
Who scorn'd us all, and took a bride
 That's daughter to a *Horse*.

Tho' *Quakers* greet not in the streets
 (because they are our masters)
'Tis now revealed why they meet
 In meadows, woods, and pastures.

But horsemen, mare-men, all and some,
 Who man and beast perplex,
Not only from *East-Horsely* come,
 But from *West-Middlesex*.

If this *Ralph Green* within the walls
Of *Colchester* left forces,
Those *Cavaliers* were *Canibals*
That eat such *humane Horses*.

Alas, you know by men's flesh came
The foul disease to *Naples*;
And now we fear the very same
Will break into our stables.

Let such wild *Colts* be bridled then,
Who will obey no summons;
For things begot twixt mares and men,
Are neither lords nor commons.

Oh *Elders*, *Independents* too!
Tho' all your powr's combin'd,
Quakers will grow too hard for you,
Now horse and man are join'd!

While

While *Cavaliers*, poor foolish rogues,

Know only maids affairs,

She-presbyters can deal with dogs,

And quaking men with mares.

Now as when *Milan* town was rear'd,

A monstrous sow untam'd

With back half hair, half wool, appear'd;

'Twas *Mediolanum* nam'd:

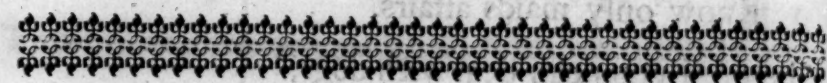
So *Colcheſter* muſt have recourſe

To ſome ſuch four-legg'd ſiſter;

For ſure as *Horſely* comes from *Horſe*,

From *Colt* 'twas call'd *Colcheſter*.





*The MONSTER of RAGUSA, as it
was seen, in the Flying-Post,
Feb. 1716, an excellent new
Ballad.*

A *Pollo* I will not implore,
For he in fables deals;
And eke that man I do abhor
Who wrote the *Persian-Tales*.

Whoe'er in *February* last
Of *Flying-Post* the news saw,
Did read with terror much aghast
The *Monster of Ragusa*.

How *Proteus* left his watry couch

The *Pagan* Poets tell,

He had more shapes than *Scaramouch*

And in the deep did dwell.

Their *Proteus* and his flock so fair,

Their *Neptune* and their *Triton*,

If with this giant you compare

Are monsters you may sh--- on

His stature it was wondrous high,

High as the tow'r of *Babel*,

So that his head propt up the sky

Is most high-ly probable.

On a whale's back he sat full fast;

A dolphin was his dog;

With cable rope ty'd to a mast

His whale he oft' did flog.

Beneath his arms did muscles cling,

And congers fuck'd each pap :

Behind his buttocks hung two Ling,

That always went *flip flap*.

Oysters about him stuck like warts ;

Eels twisted round his tail,

Crabs clamber'd up his privy parts,

Which he crackt on his nail.

His very sneezing shook the shore,

He cough'd the ground afunder,

His voice was like the canons roar,

And he broke wind like thunder.

None did him see that stood him near,

Or knew the words he said ;

For few cou'd see and few cou'd hear

Since all the folks were dead,

O mor

O monster! monster! who cou'd know
The words that from thee came?
Rome, and *Jerusalem* also,
Both heard and told the same.

Much he of *Antichrist* held forth
And much of the *Pretender*,
Much of a monarch in the north,
That once did lodge at *Bender*.

He talked of the king of *France*
Of *English* Whig and Tory,
And how their jars do much advance
Great-Britain's pow'r and glory!

The Pope's the whore of *Babylon*,
The Turk he is a Jew,
The Christian is an infidel
That sitteth in a pew.

And yet the Pope shall christian turn

In hopes of his salvation;

As—*l* likewise and *T*—*d* burn

At stake for revelation.

'Gainst paint and play-houses he spoke,

Hoop'd-petticoats, and tea,

And vintners vile that poison folk,

And snuff and sodomy.

This said, he back to sea did slip,

(But first eat fifty muttons)

And of his tail cockt up the tip

Long as the worm at *B*—*n*'s.

O *B*—*n*! do not advertize

Nor thy huge worm so brag on;

This giant voided of vast size

A mighty, flying dragon.

And

And tho' his belly made great roar
 And rais'd the tempest louder :
 'Tis said he never knew *John Moor*
 Nor swallow'd his worm-powder.



*To a young Lady, on her Sickness
 and Recovery.*

By Mr. BROOME.

S Ure sickness ne'er such beauty wore
 Or look'd so amiable before !
 You graces give to a disease,
 Adorn the pain, and make it please !
 Thus burning incense sheds perfumes,
 Still fragrant as it still consumes.

Nor can ev'n sickness which disarms
 All other nymphs, destroy your charms :

And

A thou-

A thousand beauties you can spare
And still be fairest of the fair!

But see the pain begins to fly,
Tho' *Venus* bled she could not die!

See the new *Phœnix* point her eyes,
And lovelier from her ashes rise!

Thus roses when the storm is o'er
Look fresher than they were before.

Welcome ye hours! which thus repay
What envious sickness stole away!

Welcome as those that kindly bring
And usher in the joyful spring!

That to the smiling earth restore,
The beauteous herb, the blooming flow'r;

And give her all the charms she lost
By wintry storms and hoary frost!

And yet how well did she sustain
And greatly triumph o'er her pain?

So flow'rs when blasting winds invade
Breath sweet, and beautifully fade.

Now in her cheeks and radiant eyes
New blushes glow, new lightnings rise!
Behold a thousand charms succeed
For which a thousand hearts must bleed!
Brighter from her disease she shines
As fire the precious gold refines.

Thus when the silent grave becomes
Pregnant with life, as fruitful wombs,
When the wide seas, and spacious earth
Resign us to our second birth:
Our moulder'd frames rebuilt, assume
New beauty, and for ever bloom,
And crown'd with youths immortal pride,
We angels rise, who mortals dy'd.



Ah

Now



On a Lady's Picture.

By the same Hand.

AH cruel hand that could such pow'r employ
To teach the pictur'd beauty to destroy!
Singly she charm'd before! but by his skill,
The living beauty, and her likeness kill!
Thus when in parts the broken mirrors fall,
A face in all is seen, and Charms in all.

Think then, O fairest of the fairer race!
What fatal beauties arm thy heav'nly face;
Whose very shadow can such flames inspire,
We see 'tis paint, and yet we feel 'tis fire.

See with false life the lovely image glows
And every wond'rous grace transplanted shows!

Fatally

Fatally fair the new creation reigns,
Charms in her shape, and multiplies our pains.
Hence the fond youth that ease by absence found,
Views the dear form and bleeds at every wound:
Thus the bright *Venus*, tho' to heaven she soar'd,
Was in her image by the world ador'd.

Yet painter, yet, tho' art with nature strive,
Tho' ev'n the lovely phantome seems alive,
Submit thy vanquish'd art! and own the draught
Tho' fair, defective, and a beauteous fault!
Charms such as hers, inimitably great,
He only can express than can create!
Could'st thou extract the whiteness of the snow,
Or of its colours rob the heav'nly bow,
Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy skill,
Lovely in thee! her self more lovely still!

Thus in the limpid river we descry
The faint resemblance of the glittering sky!
O'er the clear wave the sun dispreads his beams
And darts a brightness thro' th' enlighten'd streams:

But

But tho' the scene be fair, yet high above
 Th' exalted skies in nobler beauties move:
 There the true heav'ns appear, and there display
 A blaze of glory and a flood of day.



Poverty and Poetry.

By the same Hand.

'**T** Was sung of old how one *Amphion*
 Could by his verses tame a lyon:
 And by his strange enchanting tunes
 Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons:
 His songs could call the timber down,
 And form it into house or town:
 But it is plain that in these times
 No house is rais'd by Poets rhimes:

They

They for themselves can only rear
 A few wild castles in the air.
 Poor are the brethren of the bays
 Down from high strains to *Eke's* and *Aye's*:
 The muses too are virgins yet,
 And may be—till they portions get.

Yet still the doating rhimer dreams,
 And sings of *Helicon's* bright streams!
 But *Helicon* for all his clatter
 Yields nothing but insipid water:
 Yet ev'n athirst, he sweetly sings
 Of *Nectar* and *Elysian* springs.

Lawyers by endless controversies,
 Consume unthinking clients purses,
 As *Pharaoh's* kine, (which strange and odd is)
 Devour'd the plump and fat ones bodies.

The grave physician who by physick
 Like death dispatches him that is sick,
 Pursues a sure and thriving trade,
 Tho' patients die, the Doctor's paid:

They

Licens'd

Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace,
For what another mounts the gallows.

In shady groves the muses stray,
And love in flow'ry meads to play,
Pleas'd with a gaily barren ground
Where ripening fruits are never found!

But then, some say, you purchase fame,
And get a never dying name;
Great recompence for real trouble
To be rewarded with a bubble!

Thus foldiers who in many battles
Get bangs and blows and God knows what else,
Are paid with fame and wooden leg,
And gain a pass with leave to beg.



Courage



Courage in Love.

By the same Hand.

MY eyes with floods of tears o'erflow,
My bosom heaves with constant woe.

Those eyes, which thy unkindness swells,
That bosom, where thy image dwells.

How could I hope so weak a flame
Could ever warm that matchless dame,
When none *Elysium* must behold
Without a radiant bough of gold?

'Tis hers in higher spheres to shine,
At distance to admire, is mine.

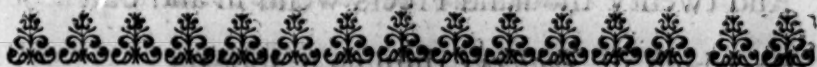
Great *Cupid* heard me thus complain,
He smil'd, and smiling said, fond swain
Vain are thy tears, thy sighs are vain!

L

}
Love

Love is a warfare, and there are
 Heroes in love as well as war:
 Sent from a daring hand my dart
 Strikes deep into the fair ones heart.
 And tho' gay youth, and every grace,
 Tho' beauty triumph in her face:
 Yet Goddeffes have deign'd to wed
 And take a mortal to their bed.

Mark! how this *Mary-gold* conceals
 Her beauty and her bosom veils,
 How from the dull embrace she flies
 Of *Phæbus*, when his beams first rise,
 And faintly warm the blushing skies!
 But when his glory he displays,
 And darts around his fiercer rays,
 Her charms she opens and receives
 The vigorous God into her leaves.



*Upon a mischievous Woman. An
Epigram.*

FROM peace and softer joys *Medusa* flies,
And loves to hear the storm of anger rise!
Thus hags and witches hate the smiles of day,
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempests play.



*An Answer to the Sompniers Pro-
logue in Chaucer.*

THE Sompner leudly hath his Prologue told,
And saine on the Freer's his Tale japing and bold;
How that in Hell they searchen near and wide,
And ne one Freer in all thilke place espyde,

But lo! the Devil turned his erse about,
And twenty thousand Freers wend in and out.
By which in *Jeoffrys* rhiming it appears,
The Devils belly is the hive of Freers.

Now listneth lordings! forwith ye shall hear,
What happend at a house in *Lancashire*.

A Misere that had londs and tenement,
Who raketh from his villaines taxes and rent,
Owned a house which long hath y-stood,
Full deeply sited in a derkning wood,
Murmring a shallow brook runneth along,
Mong the round stones it maken doleful song.

Now there spreaden a rumour that everich night
The rooms ihaunted been by many a sprite,
The miller avoucheth, and all there about,
That they full oft' hearen the hellish rout;
Some faine they hear the jingling of chains,
And some hath yheard the Psautries straines,
At midnight some the headless horse imeet,
And some espien a corse in a white sheet,

And

And oother things, as fayē, elfin and elfe,
And shapēs that feare createn to it selfe.

Now it so happt, there was not ferre away,
Of grey Freers a faire and rich abbaye,
Where liven a Freere ycleped *Dan Thomas*,
Who dareth alone in derke through churchyerds pass.

This Freere would lye in thilke house all night,
In hope he might espyen a dreadful sprite.
He taketh candle, beades, and holy watere,
And legends eke of Saintes, and bookes of prayere.
He entreth the room, and looketh round about,
And haspeth the door to haspen the goblin out.
The candle hath he put close by the bed,
And in low tone his *ave marye* said.
With water now besprinkled hath the floore,
And maken crosse on the Key hole of the doore.
Ne was there not a mouse hole in thilke place,
But he y-crossed hath by Goddes grace;
He crossed hath this, and eke he crosseth that,
With *benedicite* and God knows what.

Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown,
When the clock had just striken the twelfth soun.
Bethinketh hem how what the cause had ibeen,
Why many sprites by mortals have been seen.
Hem remembreth how *dan Plutarches* hath fed,
That *Cesar's* sprite came to *Brute* his bed.
Of chains that frighten erst *Artemidore*,
The tales of *Pline*, *Valere*, and many more.
Hem thinketh that some murdere heth been done,
And he mought see some bloodye ghost anone,
Or that some orphlines writings here be stor'd,
Or por of gold laine deep beneath the board:
Or thinketh hem, if he mought see no sprite,
The Abbaye mought buy this house cheape outright.

As him thus thinketh, anone asleep he lies.
Up starten *Sathanas* with faucer eyes.
He turneth the Freere upon his face downright,
Displaying his nether cheeks ful broad and white.
Then quoth *Dan Sathanas* as he thwacked him fore,
Thou didst forget to guard thine own back door.

There

There is an hole which hath not crossed been :

Farewel, from whence I came I creepen in.

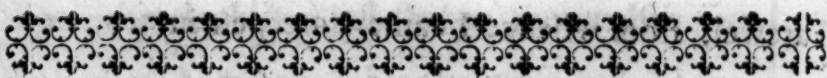
Now plain it is ytellen in my verse,

If Devils in hell bear Freers in their erse,

On earth the Devil in Freers doth ydwell ;

Were there no Freers, the Devil mought keep in hell.





*Part of the first Canto of the Rape
of the Lock.*

AND now, unveil'd, the *Toilet* stands display'd,
Each Silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores

With head uncover'd, the *Cosmetic* pow'rs.

A heav'nly Image in the Glass appears,

To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;

Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,

Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride,

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here

The various offerings of the world appear;

From each she nicely culls with curious toil,

And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.

This casket *India's* glowing Gems unlocks,

And all *Arabia* breaths from yonder box.



*A TRANSLATION of part of the first
Canto of the Rape of the Lock,
into Leonine Verse, after the man-
ner of the ancient Monks.*

E*T nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,
Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ:
Tum primum lymphâ, se purgat candida Nympha,
Jamque sine mendâ, cælestis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
Hâc stupet explorans, seu cultus numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia! lautè,
Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cistâ;*

Testudo

The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms,
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener Lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy *Sylphs* surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, while others plair the Gown,
And *Betty's* prais'd for Labours not her own.



*Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit;
Atque elephas lentè, te pectit Lesbia dente;
Hunc maculis nostris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet & mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;
Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis suavis odore, & epistola suavis amore.
Induit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens;
Jam reparant risus, jam surgit gratia visus,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua Purpura gliscet,
Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphae intentique salutis,
Hic figit Zonam, capiti locat ille Coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat & altera normam;
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty!
Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.*

To BELINDA *on the* Rape of the
Lock.

PLeas'd in these lines, *Belinda*, you may view
How things are priz'd, which once belong'd
to you:

If on some meaner head this Lock had grown,
The nymph despis'd, the Rape had been unknown.
But what concerns the valiant and the fair,
The Muse asserts as her peculiar care.
Thus *Helens* Rape and *Menelaus'* wrong
Became the Subject of great *Homer's* song;
And, lost in ancient times, the golden fleece
Was rais'd to fame by all the wits of *Greece*.

Had fate decreed, propitious to your pray'rs,
To give their utmost date to all your hairs;

This

This Lock, of which late ages now shall tell,
Had dropt like fruit, neglected, when it fell.

Nature to your undoing arms mankind
With strength of body, artifice of mind;
But gives your feeble sex, made up of fears,
No guard but virtue, no redress but tears.
Yet custom (seldom to your favour gain'd)
Absolves the virgin when by force constrain'd.
Thus *Lucrece* lives unblemish'd in her fame,
A bright example of young *Tarquin's* shame.
Such praise is yours—and such shall you possess,
Your virtue equal, tho' your loss be less.
Then smile *Belinda* at reproachful tongues,
Still warm our hearts, and still inspire our songs.
But would your charms to distant times extend,
Let *Jervas* paint them, and let *Pope* commend.
Who censure most, more precious hairs would loose,
To have the *Rape* recorded by his Muse.



Upon Aurelia's shooting at a Deer.

I.

THE bow she strung, and to the head
The little arrow drew,
But yet howe're those arrows fled,
No bloodshed did ensue.

II.

Were my *Aurelia's* angry hand
Unerring as her eyes,
How wou'd the fatal shaft command
What now securely flies?

III.

Con'd but the nymph o're man and beast
With equal force preside,
She'd lay the whole creation waste
In wantonness and pride.

IV. But

IV.

But nature, providently wise,

Stopt short as she began;

And bid her, having arm'd her eyes,

Content herself with man.

To Aurelia. *Addressed to the Ld.*
Linn.

By the same.

I.

W Here L——n wouldst thou have me go?
To whom shou'd I complain?

You've seen the eyes that cause my woe,

And know her hearts disdain.

II.

Thy Muse (and all confess her power)

Could scarce the Mother move,

Tho'

Tho' oft the watcht th' unguarded hour

To soften her to love!

III.

Will the severer Daughter's ear

Then listen to my lyre?

Or deign the wretched youth to hear

She only cou'd inspire?

IV.

Yet my *Aurelia*! do not boast

Thy fated lover's lot;

In thine, thy mother's charms are lost,

Her triumphs all forgot.

V.

Be that thy greater conquest known,

The glory of thy eyes,

Nor let our captiv'd names be shown

Where none dispute the prize.

VI.

Howe're 'tis well, opprobrious tongues

Did never yet declare,

The

The youth, insulting o're our wrongs,
That's destin'd for the fair,

VII.

What wou'd our pains, our anguish be,
When scorcht with heat we rave,
In any other hand to see
The cooling draught we crave?



To Brunetta.

By the same Hand.

I.

Brunetta wou'd in vain conceal
How well she likes her lover ;
Her breast, her eyes, each thought reveal,
Each warmest hope discover.

M

II. Words

II.

Words may be artful and deceive,

But in her wishful eyes,

And in her breasts when'er they heave,

Unerring nature lies.

III.

Then since *Brunetta's* heart I know,

And she can guess at mine;

Why shou'd we not together go

Where each of them incline?

IV.

Why fear we what the formal say

With grave censorious brow?

'Tis but the malice of a day,

That envies what we do.

V.

Vile sots and gamesters ev'ry day

Their reputation squander,

If ours we lose, 'tis in a way

Might tempt a Saint to wander.

*Upon the Lady S---d after she was
dead.*

By the same.

ASK not the world what treasure it has lost,
 Nor Death how great the triumph he can boast,
 But ask what form the purer spirits wear,
 If they in shapes more beautiful appear?
 Peaceful the tomb this lovely form conceal,
 Till time the secrets of the grave reveal:
 The peacefull tomb preserve this form entire,
 Exempt it from the world's consuming fire,
 Then, when thy God unfolds th' eternal gate,
 Cloath thy own soul, and make the Saint compleat!

Upon Cleora's Marriage and Retirement.

By the same.

I.

HAppy, *Cleora*, was the time,
E're courts and musick were a crime!
When maidens cou'd uncensur'd go,
With a she-friend from show to show.

II.

When bright *Cleora* cou'd appear
Drest to the season of the year;
And gayly ramble up and down,
The toast and envy of the town.

M 3

III. When

III.

When in a scarf (our sins forgiven,
 No matter how we dress for heaven)
 She drove to church, display'd her fan,
 Took orange chips, and thought on man.

IV.

Such was the life *Cleora* led,
 Who then like blest *Cleora* sped?
 Yet for the thing that pleases best,
Cleora gave up all the rest.

V.

And now confin'd to homely cares,
 Domestick drudgery and prayers,
 Coop't in a lonely fenny house,
 One dog, the parson, and her spouse!

VI.

No basset now, no midnight chat;
 Of who said this, or who did that:
 For scandal too (the joy of life)
 No creature but the doctor's wife.

VII.

All this for sins of flesh and blood?
 Tis hard: but yet 'tis for her good.
 For now there's time, and some pretence
 Why she may think on providence.

VIII.

Beside, whate're her future fate,
 The matter is not now so great;
 Half of her hell she suffers here,
 And has but t'other half to fear.

V.



The King's Box to Aurelia.

By the same.

Saphirs and pearls and choicest gems
 Have often dropt from fairest dames,

And deckt my pavement; but till now

I ne're so rich a treasure saw.

A thousand bleeding hearts are here,

And there as many vows appear,

Made by those hearts while they had breath;

And all for her that caus'd their death.

A thousand more, and yet this fight

Was but the havock of a night!

'Twas here, the arbitress of fate,

The lovely, bright *Aurelia* fate.

I well remind me of her eyes,

And how I fear'd their sacrifice.

The envy too I could reveal

Which the malicious sex did feel,

When they beheld her beauty's power,

And found their own of use no more.



By the same.

IN her own isle the Goddess lay,
Fenc'd from the sun's severer ray;
And there did every Love resort,
And strove to grace his Mother's court.

These chose the mark, and those apart,
Or strung the bow, or edg'd the dart;
While this adorn'd his mossy bed,
With plumes his mother's Doves had shed.

How blest the world, how eas'd of care,
Had but her Isle detain'd her there,
Thousands and thousands had been free,
That sigh and languish now with me.

With

With me, their fable once, they prove
Companions now in hapless love.

To me their mournful tales they tell,
And what they saw, and how they fell.

And yet I warn'd them of their fate,
Shew'd 'em what wounds her eyes create,
Describ'd her arm'd at ev'ry part,
And caution'd 'em to shun the dart.

Hence let unthinking youth beware,
Nor ills insult, themselves may bear;
Hence learn how dang'rous to defie
The power of that deity,
That lightens from *Aurelia's* eye.





On a Picture of Mrs Catherine

IF beauteous *Kitty* boasts a charm,
Her Picture boasts the same;
With life the glowing cheeks are warm,
The sparkling eyes on flame.
How bold the strokes! how free the air!
The colours how laid on!
We think 'twill leave the canvass bare,
And walk and talk anon.
So far dear Painter, all is well,
And couldst thou more exprefs;
Howe're thy art the most excell,
Thy piece wou'd please the less.

For he that *Kitty's* Picture makes,
 Makes beauty's self appear:
 But if it speaks as *Kitty* speaks:
 'Tis folly's self we hear.



*Written by the Earl of Mulgrave
 to be put under his own Picture.*

Here a Poet you behold,
 Who with disadvantage wrote;
 For, of Authors new or old,
 I would never steal a thought.



An



*An Invocation to the southern
Winds inscrib'd to the right ho-
nourable Charles Earl of Win-
chelsea at his Arrival in Lon-
don, after having been long
detained on the coast of Hol-
land.*

By the honourable Mrs Finch.

NOW blow, ye Southern winds, with full release,
Bring on the show'rs which give the year
encrease,

Shed new perfumes, and cherish, those that rose
Ev'n whilst our wishes did your gales oppose;

And

And all our thoughtful longings were addrest,
To court the blasts of unproducing East.

Eurus! to thee, had so our faith allow'd,

Not only hecatombs all hearts had vow'd,

But plains that fed them had devoted stood,

The fat'ning pasture, and the shelt'ring wood:

The fruitfull walls with the adorn'd parterrs,

Had all been offer'd to appease our cares:

Since only thou, who do'st destroy the spring,

Our long expected *Winchelsea* could'st bring.

A woodbine is the best my fate allows,

Which o're my window spreads its od'rous boughs.

Refreshing, with a secret sweet content,

My lonely sight and my enliven'd scent:

And when to verse my ready thoughts incline,

The fighter's laurell and the drinker's vine

Are prov'd inferior to the favourite tree,

So lov'd it grows, so magnify'd by me.

Yet this I destin'd *Eurus* to thy breath,

And had with pleasure seen it struck to death.

But

But now ye Southern winds! with full release,
 Since he's return'd and such told wishes cease,
 Bring on the show'rs which give the year encrease!

Ill art thou seated, *Belgia*, to our land,
 Since none who hence e're touches on thy strand
 Can back return without th' offensive aid
 Of eastern winds which all our sweets invade;
 Destroy the plenty of our gen'rous soile,
 And like some hostile force exhaust the ruin'd isle.
 No element the baleful *Holland* knows,
 That rarify'd or unencumber'd flows:
 Corrupt her waters, gloomy are her streams,
 Her earth untemper'd, and her air but steams.
 Old *Chaos* still does there in all preside,
 As if Creating pow'r did ne're that mass divide.
 How should we then expect, the health we bear
 To such a climate, should attend us there?
 Nor unassail'd by her contagious harms,
 This Lord escap'd, whose full discovery warms

Thole

Those who deplor'd the sickness he endur'd,
 Who languish'd whilst he lay, and by his help were cur'd.
 Yet let past ills no present bliss destroy,
 But how we griev'd be measur'd by our joy.
 When providence the better scene has turn'd,
 And gives us comforts for the days we mourn'd,
 To hug the image of departed grief
 Ungrateful seems, and baffles the relief.
 Then let the southern winds with full release,
 (Since he's return'd and our distresses cease)
 Bring on the show'rs which give the year encrease.

How foreign courts received him be the care
 Of our Historians rightly to declare.
 Never my thoughts have to far countreys stray'd,
 Nor ever to a mind that seeks the shade,
 Are glorious tidings brought, or courtly pomps convey'd.

The Muses part is to unfold the worth,
 In which unwilling *Albion* sent him forth.

Deserts

Desert's our own, and if from thence we claim,
How Others act, nor helps nor shrinks our fame,
Firm stands that basis whilst the billows play,
And sometimes swell the tide, and sometimes float away.
Rich in desert, and ev'ry winning grace,
We grudg'd his absence for the shortest space:
And long'd again united to behold
In him such gifts as ne'er were join'd of old.
Stern was the *Roman* virtue at the best,
And something of their Founder's nurse confess.
A proud disdain with affectation reign'd
O're *Attica*, and her perfections stain'd.
Uncleanly *Sparta* taught contempt of death,
By making life not worth th'expence of breath.
Only our *Britain* to her sons imparts,
The boldest spirits, with the softest hearts.
Unvaunted eloquence and wit she gives,
And life's there risqu'd by him that nobly lives.
Among the foremost which she proudly bears
To such applause, her *Winchelsea* appears.

And

And may'st thou *Britain* still this praise possess,
 As all my vows are form'd for thy success,
 Since none can love thee more, tho' no one shares
 the less.

Then blow ye southern winds with full release,
 Give this distinguish'd land a large encrease,
 And heaven to plenty add protecting peace.

Whilst *Eastwell* park does each soft gale invite,
 There let them meet and revel in delight,
 Amidst the silver beeches spread their wings,
 Where ev'ry bird as in *Arcadia* sings.
 Where the tall stag in the descending boughs,
 May brush the beamy product of his brows.
 Where lesser deer o're run th' extended lawns,
 And does are follow'd by unnumber'd fawns.
 The even plains invite the racer's feet,
 As valour steady and as fancy fleet.
 Whilst fragrant turf the Rider's heart revives,
 And paradise surrounds him while he strives.

And

N

Where

Where two fair heads the true *Parnassus* grace,
And Poetry's a native of the place.
Those *Eastwell* hills let ev'ry breeze renew,
Which from adjoining seats kind neighbours view;
Pleas'd in the artful gardens which they boast,
With such a prospect rais'd at nature's cost.
Whilst sailors note them as on waves they rowl,
And make the owner's health add spirits to the bowl.
Far seen they stand, but farther spreads the love,
His condescension does in all improve.
Greatness like *Epicurus*' god might lie,
Unheeded if still stretcht above the sky;
Whilst men adore the condescending part,
And worthily he stoops who gathers up a heart.
Take then, my Lord, the hearts which thus are yours,
With all the tribute that this grace procures.
Chear'd by your least regard their love returns,
To greet the influence whence it shines and burns.
Whilst those of rank, plac'd nearer to your height,
Enjoy your splendour with more rais'd delight,

Observe

Observe the excellence your thoughts dispense,
And brighter grow from what's reflected thence.
So *Phæbus*, whilst his beneficial rays,
Attract the plants and every flower displays.
Exhaling from the shrubs which he inspires,
A grateful incense nourish'd by his fires,
Round his own orb unmeasur'd light bestows,
There every star and radiant planet glows.
Whose borrow'd heat and affluence of beams,
But magnify the lustre whence it streams.
So happy *Kent* which your affection shares,
Unbounded joy to meet that love prepares.
Acknowledging from you it takes the heat,
By which it stands confess'd polite and great.
Come then, my lord, and tread that fruitful earth,
Which courts your presence as it gave you birth.
Come and whilst in your sight all sorrows cease,
Let every gentle wind with full release,
Refresh the fields, and give this year encrease.

*An Epistle to the honourable Mrs.
Thynne, persuading her to have
a Statue made of her youngest
Daughter, now Lady Brooke.*

By the same Hand.

THink not a partial fondness sway'd my mind,
When, dear *Cleone*! I of late enclin'd,
To give my voice that your *Maria's* face
More than her sisters would the sculpture grace.
Or by that choice a preference was confest,
Whilst both are with such known perfections blest.
But to that softer youth some praise we give,
In which *Maria* does this instant live;

And that first dawn of life's fresh morning wears,
Which each succeeding moment still impairs.

For as the softness of *Aurora* flies,

When once the sun enflames the dazzling skies.

Or as the bloom which does but colour own,

Looses remembrance when the fruit is grown.

So her strong beauties will o'ecome the mild,

When the fair woman shall efface the child.

Refuse not then the Statuary's art,

To fix what present nature does impart:

But let the marble take what she must quit,

And so each grace thro' every change transmit.

Though *Parian* marbles white can scarcely show,

Her skin unfoil'd by accidents below,

New to the tarnish'd world as falling snow.

Yet let his genius who attempts the peice,

Revive the memory of ancient *Greece*.

Whilst the enliven'd figure shall express,

The gentle manner of her soft address:

And that peculiar air he shall infuse,
With which she supplicates whilst she subdues,
Let sleeping *Cupids* indolently doze,
Whilst he *Marias*' features shall disclose.
And their less polish'd arms contracted be,
Whilst in some active posture hers we see,
O're them obtain, and haile the victory.
Superior beauty let each part possess,
And only decent be the shadowing dress.
Nor veil the age of innocent desires,
With all that cloathing which our guilt requires.
Expos'd be every limb, her bosom bare,
In the smooth calmness of unripen'd care,
And give deluded Winds her imitated hair.
Expand her brow, and let the statue keep
The plump resemblance of her infant cheek.
And if his art such tender stroaks displays,
Still let her eye-lids keep those seeming rays,
Which gently temper the too radiant sight,
And make th' inclosed orbs more sufferably bright.

To her dimensions suited be the frame ;
 And let th' appearing softness be the same,
 As I've experienc'd when my arms have prest
 Her living sweetness to my doating breast ;
 Extracting easy, but unequall'd bliss,
 From her yet milky breath in ev'ry soothing kiss.
 Indearing tender as her self appears,
 In all the blandishment of early years.
 In charms too num'rous and too nice for praise,
 Let but his hand this darling figure raise.
 Then should his *Flora* less his art adorn,
 And less his *Ceres* with her useful corn.
 This shou'd o're all his valued works have place,
 And in revolving years, *Maria's* race,
 Shall bless the artist, and affect the face.
 Whilst fair **Aspasia* more advanc'd in time,
 Tho' yet two lustres short of female prime,

N 4

Shall

* Now Lady Hartford.

Shall as her ripening sense does now presage,

All pens and poets in her praise engage.

The sister arts those sisters shall divide,

And to their service every Muse be ty'd.





On a double Stock July-flower,
full blown in January, present-
ed to me by the Countess of Fer-
rers.

By the right honourable the
Lady *Winchelsea*.

HOW is it in this chilling time,
When frosts and snows the season claim,
This flow'ring plant is in its prime.

Which of *July* assumes the name?

But since we poets speech bestow,
And form what dialogues we please,
With animals or plants that grow,

And make them answer us with ease.

Tell

Tell me (said I) prolifick stock,

Which do'st these fragrant treasures bring,
What is it can such stores unlock,

At *Christmas* as outvie the spring?

Thus ask'd, the flower of tinctur'd bloome,

Soon blush't into a deeper dye,
Cast stronger odours round the room,
And sweetly breath'd out this reply.

Tis true, all plants of my nice sort

Have not such license to appear,
But wait till *Phæbus* keeps his court,
In the hot circle of the year.

Whilst I a brighter influence own,

Than is imparted from the skies;
Nor take my blossoms thus full blown,
From summer, but * *Selena's* eyes.

Her

* Lady *Selena Shirly*.

Her cheering smile, her modest air,
Did me to this perfection charm;
For nothing droops when near the fair,
But all is lively, all is warm.

That beauteous maid wou'd often view
The green house where I liv'd retired,
Who did such early graces shew,
That I to suit them was inspired.

Sometimes a sprig from me, I thought,
Might happily adorn her hair,
Or pardon me if 'twas a fault,
Might rest upon her bosom bare.

My soft perfumes for her design'd,
I ev'n from *Zephyrus* withdrew;
Unless when that obliging wind
Wou'd shed them round her as he flew.

Delighted

Delighted when by me she stood,

I wish'd for some transforming art.

For had I then been flesh and blood,

I should have told her all my heart.

Yet I to *Flora* softly pray'd,

To hasten my disclosing day;

Who doating on the fairer maid,

For her does now my buds display.

But from a strange reverse of fate,

She to the country, I the town,

Have sadly been remov'd of late,

And neither to advantage shown.

Then let none blame you, if my flower

Beneath your roof is faded seen,

But know that such enlivening power

Is only granted to fifteen.

I for *Selena* shall repine,

And when some noble youths you see,

Bow their dejected heads like mine,

Think in our passions we agree.

What farther answer could be made,

Or farther question could I try?

Then let her come, and cheer our shade,

Or men and plants in rown must die.





The Toad undrest.

By the same Hand.

A Toad just crawling up to town,
 In nothing but her tawny gown.
 Took, as by chance it open lay,
Kensington garden in her way.
 'Twas on a Sunday this befel,
 When ev'ry Beau and ev'ry Belle,
 Had left, or hudled up their prayers,
 There to produce their several airs.
 The creature with the golden eyes,
 Beheld the crowd with strange surprize:
 Then inwardly began to swell,
 Finding that she was not a Belle.

And

And deeply sigh'd for better cloaths.
From which strong breath, a full blown rose
Its damask leaves about her shed;
And likewise on her lucky head
A sprig of Jessamy fell down,
That stuck on one side of her crown.
Thus qualify'd in dress and smell,
She now concludes her self a Belle;
And had she one mans praises met,
At the next step had grown Coquett.
Yet cry'd, since chance can thus adorn,
Why may not I go take a turn?
Then out upon the walk she treads,
And to the utmost swells and spreads:
Whilst all who saw her march along,
Wonder'd from whence the fantom sprung.
Some scream'd and fled, then nearer drew,
And ventur'd at a second view.
The rosy gown, they all confess,
Was beautiful to an excess.

That

That colour they'd at *Tully's* seen,
Which wou'd be charming lin'd with green.
And to all Lutestrings in the throng,
This glowing manteau offer'd wrong.
But who was underneath the case,
So small in size, so stiff in pace,
Cou'd not by any have been guest,
Had *Zephyrus* not spoil'd the jest.
But he displeas'd as we suppose,
At missing of his favourite rose,
More violently used his power,
Than when he courts that sweetest flower:
And rushing thro' each waving twig,
Blew of the leaves and fragrant sprig.
Leaving the toad who these had worn,
As bare as ever she was born.
But when along the walk 'twas told,
And Ladies titter'd young and old:
The toad with venom'd rage inspir'd,
To find her self no more admir'd,

Cry'd

Cry'd out ; I know not half your fleights,
 Your leads, your whalebones, pins, and pleights.
 Yet tho' my gown in hast was made.

Without dear *Buda's* useful aid ;
 I should not be, in my disgrace,
 (Wou'd *Boreas* you gay folks uncase)

The veryest Toad in all the place.

Moral.

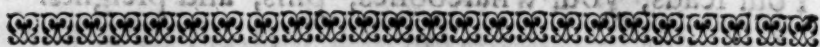
How many upstarts in the world are known,
 On whom blind chance has gaudy trappings thrown!
 But shou'd the wind of adverse fortune blow,
 Without the leaves how would the reptiles show?



* N

The

Cry'd



*The MASTIF and CURS, A Fable
inscrib'd to Mr. Pope.*

By the same Hand.

A Mastif of our *English* breed,
 Allow'd all others to exceed,
 In ample head and solid heart;
 Strong, stately, true in ev'ry part;
 March'd through the town with stedfast pace,
 Like former heroes of his race.
 Offending none; for in his mind
 Candor with resolution join'd.
 Yet over ev'ry threshold leapt
 The little dogs by ladies kept,
 Who snarl or flatter for reward,
 The tea-pot and the slippers guard.

While

Whilst butchers curs forsake the stalls,
And each upon the masty falls,
With distant noise and threat'ning grin,
Tho' none durst fasten on his skin.
So well his greater strength they knew,
Who dirt and scandal on him threw.
For not a cat that had been torn,
Or hen that from the roost was born,
But to his charge they barking lay :
Tho' he despis'd that vulgar play,
Nor cou'd by ought be mov'd to rage,
But what was fit for *Hockley's* stage.
Who when he careless tost or rowl'd,
Was still superiour, stern and bold.
Couch'd at the door or on the green,
In him the masty still was seen.
Tho' now those rude assaults he bore,
And every moment look'd for more.
'Till on a day some gen'rous man,
To rouze his anger thus began.

How long will you endure these yelps,
From daws and lap-dogs, heartless whelps!
Revenge your self, amongst them start,
Break at each bite some lady's heart.
Make *Sharper, Cupid, Fop* and *Beau*,
Stretcht at your feet their folly know.
Or smartly crush each paper scull,
With such a pinch as mads the bull.
The masti now 'twas worth his while,
Reply'd with a disdainful smile.
To you, Sir, who our fate command,
Loo or restrain us with your hand.
Tis fit that some account I yield,
Why I'm so slow to take the field;
Or to employ my well known pow'r,
Such carping vermin to devour.
But whilst I keep them all in awe,
From their assaults this good I draw;
To make you men the diff'rence see,
Between this bawling troop, and me.

Comparison your observation stirs,
I were no masty if there were no curs.



A Fable.

By the same.

A Man whose house had taken fire,
Which did the engines help require,
Ran to the corner where it stood,
And thus besought the useful wood.
I beg you'd use your utmost speed,
To help a neighbour at his need.
My timber crackles in the flames,
Tho' it to yours relation claims:
In the same forrest it was bred,
From the same root too, as 'tis said.
Then let a brother aid a brother,
Tho' fortune differs one from t'other.

* N 3

And

And justly you the foremost stand,
Who can two elements command.
Whilst my poor rafters lay supine,
In common use, nor wisht to shine.
But pray consider what I feel,
And quickly ply each spring and wheel.
In this tough leather and these ropes,
And your good will, lie all my hopes.
The engine this discourse endur'd,
But still unactive and immur'd.
And tho' petition'd, stirr'd no more,
From the church porch than the church-door.
Whilst in a rage the man went on,
And cry'd, I shall be quite undone!
Through your neglect must beg for life,
My self, my children, and my wife.
I'll give you half of what you save——
The engine still was mute and grave.
And seem'd as haughty to distress,
As men of rank who wealth possess.

When

When all despairing now, the wretch
Fell into more reviling speech :
And told it, he the time could trace,
When it had no such power or place,
But lay ev'n in his yard a log,
The scrubbing post of ev'ry hog :
Nor cou'd relieve or shield a friend,
No more than he who did depend.
And now implor'd it once for all,
To jog before his house should fall.
A passenger who heard him prate,
And found such help would come too late,
Told him, to end his noisy jear,
He must go bribe the *Engineer*.

Moral.

Great men do our misfortunes see,
No more than this unsoftned tree.
Then lose not, on himself, a word,
But gain the man that sways my Lord.



On BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE in
St. James's Park. Written in
the year 1704.

By Mr. Buckeredge.

— *Seu condis amabile Carmen,*
Prima feres ederæ victricis præmia—Hor.

FAR in that glade, where the delighted sight
Beholds the Ev'ning part with glimm'ring light,
Where fragrant limes in pleasing vistas joyn,
And diff'rent trees to make one shade combine;
There now does *Buckingham* his palace found,
Which gilded spires and distant hills surround,
The pile seems rais'd as from enchanted ground.
High in its front *Corinthian* columns stand,
Crown'd with the glories of their native land;

And

And stately *Corridores* on ev'ry side,
Expand their wings, and meet the coming tide.
The silver *Thames* thro' secret caverns strays,
To him the tribute of his streams he pays,
And prompts the watry kind to listen to his lays.
So fond *Alpheus* hid from humane eyes,
To seek the lov'd *Sicanian* fountain flies.
Harmonious birds shall all their notes imploy,
To entertain his intervals of joy.
While the plum'd race a num'rous Flight prepare,
To people the dominions of the air.
The fiery *Barbs* here wandring, wish no more
For *Africk's* wilds, nor its dry fultry shoar.
Within these lawns secure, the tim'rous deer
Forget their nature, and o'ecome their fear.
Her choicest beauties here the earth displays,
The lover's myrtle, and the victor's bays.
Fountains and flow'rs fill each delightful space,
While those refresh, and these perfume the place.

In gardens thus of old the *Druids* sway'd,
 Their oracles as laws, from groves obey'd.
 The mysteries of state were handled there,
 And to superior pow'rs men made their prayer.
Villiers with wit and humour also blest,
 Sublimely soaring, plac'd on high his rest;
 *At once a palace and an eagles nest.
 Rais'd, where he might anticipate the day,
 And at his feet behold the royal * standard play.
 This greater genius, more judicious born,
 Does both a city, and a court adorn.
 In humble plains when he his station takes,
 He soon those plains equal to *Ida* makes.
 The walls within great *Titian's* labours fill,
 And *Ruben's* draughts adorn, and *Raphael's* skill.

The

The late Duke of Buckingham's House at Clivedon above Windfor.

* Windfor-Castle.

The bold *Bourgonion* shews in bloody field
 How all to *Roman* art and valour yield;
Corregio does harsh *Perugino* grace,
 By fam'd *Vandike* with wondrous charms a face,
 And *Julio* rang'd with the *Carracci's* race.
 The *Grecian Venus* of a modest mould,
Pan and the rural Gods these gardens hold,
 And wise *Apollo* who these works controul'd.
 Let *Pallas* on these Battlements have place,
 And *Justice* next; let *Plenty*, *Peace* embrace,
 Here royal ruins, and those heights we spy,
 Where *Senates* sit, and mighty *Tudors* lie.
 Oh! say not when the *Stuart's* name shall cease,
 Lest *England* lose at once its *Queen*, and *Peace*.

Around where're we cast our ravish'd eyes,
 Such glitt'ring views, and verdant prospects rise,
 Such sylvan scenes, and sumptuous domes appear,
 Such gardens grace the earth, such spires the air;

That

That she to Heav'n who *Samos* once preferr'd,
Thus to have chose, successfully had err'd.

Under this roof *Parnassus* sons shall meet,
And ev'ry science all her sisters greet.

The lofty race whom numbers shall inspire,
With those whose easier art can touch the lyre;
And all in consort joyn to make one mighty Choir. }

Ev'n while I speak of *Sheffeld's* great desert,
I feel ambition kindling in my heart,
To fix a name of just renown like his;

A mark above the reach of calumnies;
At which th' invidious world in vain shall aim,
But hurt no more his safety, than his fame.

Whose flowing fortune, with deep knowledge join'd,
Fill, but not swell, his comprehensive mind;
In which the muses various gifts appear,
The mild and tuneful, with the most severe.

**In his Grace's Essay on Poetry.*

Taught

Taught by the *Delian* God how nature springs,
The flow of words and properties of things;

* To prize what *Virgil*, or what *Homer* sings.

Himself is what we in this fabrick find,

* *Palladio* with the firm *Bramante* join'd.

The Muses friends from bondage he shall free,

While he restrains Poetic liberty,

By his best rules and his example taught

Gladly to loose that freedom which they fought.

Such are his numbers, such his lofty song,

No sense so clear and just, no lines so strong.

Others in vain may inspiration boast,

While he rewards, and loves, the Muses most.

The Tyrant's rage his counsels shall withstand,

And wrest th' oppressive scepter from his hand,

Divide

* Two Architects, one chiefly consulted ornament, the other strength in Building.

Divide those crowns which wou'd together grow,
 And guide his Sov'reign's arm to give the glorious blow.
 While Justice reigns, and right supports a cause,
 Fate must be hers, and make her dictates laws,
 To her th' *Iberian* Chief his vows shall bring,
 And style her Empress, while she makes him King.
 What worthy hand for her can trophies raise;
 Who but himself can well resound her praise?
 While she her mind employs in nobler things,
 And feels more solid joys than empire brings.

Fain wou'd my feeble Muse with daring wing,
 His dawning glories, and successes sing.
 Tell the fair progress of his early days,
 In which he wore the Garter, and the Bays;
 Much did great *Charles's* love his mind inflame,
 * Much *Albion* mov'd him, and the voice of fame,
 When *Britain's* king no greater Monarch saw,
 And with his navy kept the world in awe.

* Commanded a great ship under his Highness the D. of York.

He may with boldness to great works proceed,
Without that aid which weaker judgments need.
In his designs thro' ev'ry plan and page,
He shames the last, to teach the coming age.
Greece still her *Pericles*, *Olympius* calls,
For fabricks rais'd to grace *Minerva's* walls:
Ann's happier influence shall protect this bower,
Within the circle of her guardian power.
Be his the care with gentle hand to guide
'Twixt abject fears, and arbitrary pride;
Such was *Mæcenæ*s when *Augustus* reign'd,
Such labours watchful *Richelieu* once sustain'd;
Both did politeness, both did pow'r advance,
That gave to *Rome* new glories, this to *France*.
Much more my verse might furnish in his praise,
Who such a * *Temple*, such a *House* cou'd raise;
May force nor faction e're his mind molest,
Nor break the sacred quiet of his breast.

* A Poem written by his Grace.

His calm recesses let him still improve,
 To court the graces and propitious love,
 That all his household Gods may joy to see
 Himself first blest, and then his progeny,
 Till *Britain's* Queen no more can raise his state,
 Nor Poets fancy him more fortunate.





Four Chorus's by the present
Duke of *Buckingham*, to be
sung between the Acts of a
Tragedy. Written in the year
1692.

First Chorus.

I.

WHither is *Roman* justice gone?
Where is our ancient virtue now?
That valour, which so bright has shone,
And with the wings of conquest flown,
Must to a haughty master bow;
Who, with our toil, our blood, and all we have beside,
Gorges his ill-got power, his humour, and his pride.

O

II. Fear-

II.

Fearless he will his life expose;

So does a lyon, or a bear;

His very virtues threaten those,

Who more his bold ambition fear.

How stupid wretches we appear,

Who round the world for wealth and empire, roam;

Yet never, never think what slaves we are at home!

III.

Did men, for this, together join;

Quitting the free wild life of nature?

What other beast did e're design

The setting up his fellow creature?

And of two mischiefs chuse the greater?

Oh rather than be slaves to bold imperious men,

Give us our wildness, and our woods, our huts, and
caves again!

IV.

There secure from lawless sway,

Out of pride or envy's way;

Living

Living up to natures rules,
 Not deprav'd by knaves and fools;
 Happy we should live, and harmless as our sheep,
 Then, as calmly dye, as infants fall asleep.



Second Chorus.

L O, to prevent this mighty empire's doom,
 From bright unknown abodes of bliss I come,
 The awful *Genius* of majestic *Rome*.

Her fall approaches; but I will engage
 Some few, the master-spirits of this age,
 To do an act of just heroic rage.

'Tis hard, a man so great should fall so low;
 More hard, to let so brave a people bow
 To one themselves have rais'd, who scorns them
 now.

Yet, oh, I grieve, that *Brutus* should be stain'd;
Whose Life, excepting this one act, remain'd
So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.

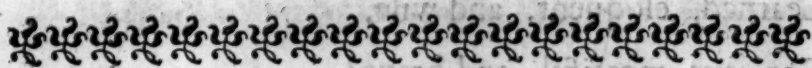
But only he can make the rest combine;
The very life and soul of their design;
The center, where those mighty spirits join.

Unthinking men no sort of scruples make;
Others do ill, only for Mischiefs sake;
But ev'n the best are guilty by Mistake:

Thus some, for envy, or revenge, intend
To bring the bold usurper to his end;
And for his Country *Brutus* stabs his Friend.



After



After much Thunder and Light- ning.

Two Aerial Spirits. Third Chorus.

1. **T**ELL, oh tell me, whence arise
These disorders in our skies?

Rome's great *Genius* wildly gaz'd;
And the Gods seem all amaz'd.

2. Oh my *Philadel*, no wonder
Earth shakes, and heavens thunder;
For in sight of this days fun,
Such a deed is to be done,
Black enough to shroud the light
Of all this world in dismal night.

1. What is this deed?

2. To kill a man,

The greatest, since mankind began ;

Learned, eloquent, and wise,

Gen'rous, merciful, and brave!

1. Yet not too great a sacrifice,

The Liberty of *Rome* to save?

2. But should not goodness claim regard?

And does not worth deserve reward?

1. Does not their countrey lye at stake?

Can they do too much for her sake?

Both together.

Tho' dreadful is this doom of fate,

Just is that power which governs all:

Better this wondrous man should fall,

Than a most glorious, virtuous state.





Fourth Chorus.

WHat dismal curse has providence
Ordain'd for wretched humane kind!

Learning, courage, eloquence,

The gentlest nature, noblest mind,

Alas, were mix'd in one alone;

Yet in one moment overthrown.

Could chance and senseless atoms join

To form a soul so great as his?

Or would those powers we call divine,

Destroy their own chief master-piece?

Where so much difficulty lies,

The doubtful are the only wise.

And, what does more perplex our thoughts;

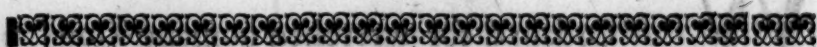
Great *Jove* the best of *Romans* sends,

To do the very worst of faults,

And kill the kindest of his friends.

All this is far above our reach ;

Whatever Priests presume to preach.



Two of the Chorus's for a Tragedy never acted, called the
Death of Marcus Brutus.

Written by the same Hand in
the year 1708.

Chorus after the first Act.

I.

Dark is the maze poor mortals tread :
Wisdom it self a guide will need :

We

We little thought when *Cæsar* bled,

That a worse *Cæsar* would succeed,

And are we under such a curse,

We cannot change but for the worse?

II.

With fair pretence of foreign force

By which *Rome* does her self enthrall,

These, without blushes or remorse,

* Proscribe the best, impoverish all.

The *Gauls* themselves, our greatest foes,

Could do no mischiefs worse than those.

III.

That *Julius*, with ambitious thoughts,

Had virtues too, his foes must find:

These equal him in all his faults,

But never in his noble mind.

That free-born spirits shou'd obey

Wretches who know not how to sway!

IV. Late

* The Proscription of the *Triumvirat*,

IV.

Late we repent our hasty choice;

In vain bemoan so quick a turn;

Hearken to *Rome's* united voice!

Better that we a while had born

Ev'n that which did the most displease,

Than a cure worse than our disease.

Chorus of Soldiers after the fourth
Act.

I.

OUR vows thus chearfully we sing,

While martial musick fires our blood:

Let all the neighb'ring Echoes ring

With clamours for our countrey's good;

And, for reward, of the just Gods we claim

A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

II. May

II.

May *Rome* be freed from war's alarms,

And taxes harder to be born;

May she beware of foreign arms,

And send them back with noble scorn,

And for reward, &c.

III.

May she no more confide in friends

Who nothing farther understood,

Than only for their private ends,

To waste her wealth, and spill her blood.

And for reward, &c.

IV.

Our senators great *Jove* restrain

From angry piques they prudence call;

From the low thoughts of little gain,

And hazarding the losing all.

And for reward, &c.

V. The

May

V.

The shining arms with haste prepare;

Then to the glorious combat fly;

Our minds unclogg'd with farther care,

Except to overcome or dye

And for reward, &c.

VI.

They fight, oppression to increase;

We, for our liberties and laws:

It were a sin to doubt success,

When freedom is the noble cause.

And for reward, of the just Gods we claim

A life with freedom, or a death with fame.



*On the Statue of Cleopatra, made
into a Fountain by Leo the Tenth.*

Translated from the Latin of
Count Castiglione.

Cleopatra speaks.

WHoe're thou art whom this fair statue charms,
These curling aspicks, and these wounded
arms,

Who view'st these eyes for ever fixt in death,

Think not unwilling I resign'd my breath.

What, shou'd a *Queen*, so long the boast of fame,

Have stoop'd to serve an haughty *Roman* dame?

Shou'd I have liv'd, in *Cæsar's* triumph born,

To grace his conquests and his pomp adorn?

I, whom

I, whom the blest *Ægyptian* climate bore
To the soft joys of *Nile's* delightful shore,
Whom prostrate Kings beheld unrival'd shine,
And the wide *East* ador'd with rites divine!
Deny'd to reign, I stood resolv'd to die,
Such charms has death when join'd with liberty.
Let future times of *Cleopatra* tell,
Howe're she liv'd none ever dy'd so well.
No chains I felt, but went a glorious ghost,
Free, and a Princess, to the *Stygian* coast.
Th' eluded victor, envious of my fate,
Vex'd with vain rage, and impotently great,
To *Jove's* high Capitol ignobly led
The mournful image of a Princess dead.
Yet not content with this to feast his eyes,
Lest kinder time shou'd hide our miseries,
Lest the last age our fortunes shou'd not know,
This breathing stone immortaliz'd my woe:
This with the noblest force of sculpture grac'd,
In *Rome's* proud *Forum* young *Octavius* plac'd,

And

And in the midst of that majestic band
Of Gods and heroes, made a Woman stand;
But in the rock my flowing tears suppress'd,
Those tears, which only cou'd have eas'd my
breast.

Not that I'd ask a single drop to mourn
A fate so glorious, and so nobly born,
(Not death it self from me cou'd force a tear,
Or teach the soul of *Cleopatra* fear)

But for my *Antony*——to whom these eyes
Give all his rites, and all his obsequies!

To his dear ashes and his honour'd shade,
My tears eternal tribute shou'd be paid:

My tears the want of off'rings had supply'd;
But these, ev'n these, remorseless *Rome* deny'd!

But thou great *Leo*! in whose *golden* days
Revive the honours of *Rome's* ancient praise;

If Heav'n, to pity human woes inclin'd,

Has sent thee down in mercy to mankind,

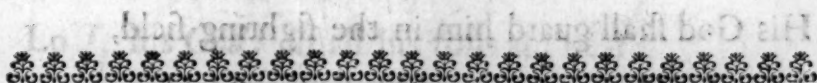
And boundless pow'r with boundless virtue join'd;

And

If

If all the Gods entrust thee to bestow
With bounteous hands their blessings here below;
Let not a suppliant Queen entreat in vain,
The only wretch beneath thy happy reign!
Sure just and modest this request appears,
Nor is it much to give me back my tears;
Release my eyes, and let them freely flow;
'Tis all the comfort fate has left me now!
The haughty *Niobe* whose impious pride
Scorn'd Heaven it self, and durst the Gods deride,
Still, tho' a rock, can thus relieve her woe,
And tears eternal from the marble flow.
No guilt of mine the rage of Heav'n cou'd move;
I knew no crime, if 'tis no crime to love.
Then as a lover give me leave to weep;
Lull'd by these fountains the distrest may sleep;
And while the Dogstar burns the thirsty field,
These to the birds refreshing streams may yield;
The birds shall sport amidst the bending sprays,
And fill the shade with never ceasing lays;

New greens shall spring, new flow'rs around me grow,
 And on each tree the golden apples glow;
 Here, where the fragrant Orange groves arise,
 Whose shining scene with rich *Hesperia* vies.



Psalm xci.

By the same Hand.

HE who beneath thy shelt'ring wing resides,
 Whom thy hand leads, and whom thy glory
 guides,

To Heav'n familiar his bold vows shall send,

And fearless say to God—*Thou* art my friend!

'Tis Thou shalt save him from insidious wrongs,

And the sharp arrows of censorious tongues.

When gath'ring tempests swell the raging main,

When thunder roars, and lightning blasts the plain,

Amidst the wrack of nature undismay'd,
Safe shall he lye, and hope beneath thy shade.
By day no perils shall the just affright,
No dismal dreams or groaning ghosts by night.
His God shall guard him in the fighting field,
And o'er his breast extend his saving shield:
The whistling darts shall turn their points away,
And fires around him innocently play:

Thousands on ev'ry side shall yield their breath;
And twice ten thousand bite the ground in death;
While he, serene in thought, shall calm survey
The sinners fall, and bless the vengeful day!

Heav'n is thy hope: thy refuge fix'd above;
No harms can reach thee, and no force shall move.
I see protecting Myriads round thee fly,
And all the bright *Militia* of the sky.
These in thy dangers timely aid shall bring,
Raise in their arms, and waft thee on their wing,
These shall perform th' almighty orders given,
Direct each step, and smooth the path to Heaven!

Thou

Thou on the fiery Basilisk shalt tread,
 And fearless crush the swelling Aspick's head,
 Rouze the huge Dragon, with a spurn, from rest,
 And fix thy foot upon the Lion's crest.
 Lo *I*, his *God!* in all his toils am near:
 I see him ever, and will ever hear:
 When he the rage of sinners shall sustain,
 I share his griefs, and feel my self his pain:
 When foes conspiring rise against his rest,
 'Ill stretch my arm, and snatch him to my breast.
 Him will I heap with honours, and with praise,
 And glut with full satiety of days;
 Him with my glories crown; and when he dies,
 To him reveal my joys, and open all my skies.



S T A N Z A S.

From the french of Malherbe.

By the same Hand.

AT length, my soul! thy fruitless hopes give o'er,
Believe, believe the treach'rous world no more.
Shallow, yet swift, the stream of fortune flows,
Which some rude wind will always discompose;
As children birds, so men their bliss pursue,
Still out of reach, tho' ever in their view.

In vain, for all that empty greatness brings,
We lose our lives amidst the courts of kings,

And

And suffer scorn, and bend the supple knee;

The monarch dies—one moment's turn destroys

Long future prospects, and short present joys:

Oh unperforming, false mortality!

All is but *dust*, when once their breath is fled;

The fierce, the pompous majesty lyes dead!

The world no longer trembles at their pow'r!

Ev'n in those tombs where their proud names survive,

Where still in breathing brass they seem to live,

Th' impartial worms that very *dust* devour.

The lofty styles of happy, glorious great,

The Lords of fortune, Arbiters of fate,

And Gods of war, lye lost within the grave!

Their mighty minions then come tumbling down,

They lose their flatt'ers as they lose their crown,

Forgot of ev'ry friend, and ev'ry slave!

And

The

P 3

From

From Boetius, de cons. Philos.

O qui perpetua mundum ratione gubernas!

By the same Hand.

O Thou, whose all-creating hands sustain
The radiant Heav'ns, and Earth, and ambi-
ent main!

Eternal Reason! whose presiding soul
Informs great nature and directs the whole!
Who wert, ere time his rapid race begun,
And bad'st the years in long procession run;
Who fix't thy self amidst the rowling frame,
Gav'st all things to be chang'd, yet ever art the same!
Oh teach the mind t' ætherial heights to rise,
And view familiar, in its native skies,

The

The source of good; thy splendor to descry,
 And on thy self, undazled, fix her eye.
 Oh quicken this dull mass of mortal clay;
 Shine through the soul, and drive its clouds away!
 For thou art Light. In thee the righteous find
 Calm rest, and soft serenity of mind;
 Thee they regard alone; to thee they tend;
 At once our great original and end,
 At once our means, our end, our guide, our way,
 Our utmost bound, and our eternal stay!





On the Deity.

By the present Duke of *Buck-*
ingham.

Wretched mankind! void both of strength
and skill!

Dextrous at nothing but at doing ill!

In merit humble, in pretension high,

Among them none, alas, more weak than I;

And therefore never of much value thought,

Whatever I had spoke, or what I wrote.

But zealous heat exalts the humblest mind;

Within my soul such strong impulse I find,

The heav'nly tribute of due praise to pay:

Perhaps 'tis sacred, and I must obey.

Yet

Yet on a theme so various, and so high,
 Stupendious wonders of the deity;
 Miraculous effects of boundless power,
 And that as boundless goodness shining more!
 Such works, so numberless, my thoughts attend,
 Oh, where shall I begin, or ever end?

On such a theme, the very wise abuse,
 So sacred, so sublime, and so abstruse,
 Abruptly to break off, wants no excuse.

While others vainly strive to know thee more,
 In silent reverence let me adore,
 Wishing that humane power were higher rais'd,
 Only that thine might be more nobly prais'd!
 Oh, happy Angels in their high degree;
 Created worthy of extolling thee!



An Ode on Brutus.

By the same Hand.

*— Si quid novisti rectius istis.
Candidus imperti; si non his utere mecum.*

TIS said, that Favourite, Mankind
Was made the Lord of all below;
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find,
'Tis only one man tells another so.
And for this vast dominion here,
Which over other beasts we claim,
Reason, our best credential does appear,
By which indeed we domineer;

But,

But, how absurdly, we may see with shame.

Reason, that solemn trifle! light as air!

Mov'd with each blast of censure, or applause!

By partial love away 'tis blown;

Or the least prejudice can weigh it down;

Thus our high privilege becomes our snare.

In any nice and weighty cause,

How wav'ring are the wisest! yet the grave

Impose on that small judgment which we have.

II.

In works of fame, whose praise hath spread so wide,

And ev'n the force of time defy'd.

Some failings yet may be descry'd.

Among the rest with wonder be it told,

That *Brutus* is ador'd for *Cæsar's* death;

By which he still survives in fame's immortal breath.

Brutus! ev'n he of all the rest,

In whom we shou'd that deed the most detest,

Is of mankind esteem'd the best!

But,

As

As snow descending from some lofty hill,
 Is in its rapid course augmenting still;
 So from illustrious authors down has roll'd
 'Till now, that Rev'rence he receiv'd of old;
 Still ev'ry age adds a profound esteem,
 And guilds their eloquence with praise of him;
 But truth unveil'd, like a bright sun appears,
 To shine away this heap of sev'nteen hundred years.

In vain 'tis urg'd by an illustrious wit*,

(To whom I otherwise submit)
That Cæsar's life no pity could deserve
From one who kill'd himself, rather than serve.

Had *Butus* chose himself to slay,
 Than any master to obey;
 Happy for *Rome* had been that noble pride;
 The world had then remain'd in peace, and only *Brutus*
 dy'd:

For

* Mr. Cowley.

For he, whose virtue wou'd disdain to own
 Subjection to a Tyrant's frown,
 And his own life had rather end,
 Wou'd sure, much rather kill himself, than only hurt
 his freind.
 To his own sword in the *Philippian* field,
Brutus indeed at last did yield;
 But in those times such actions were not rare,
 And then proceeded only from despair;
 Else, he perhaps had chose to live,
 In hopes another *Cæsar* wou'd forgive;
 That so he might for publick good, once more,
 Conspire against a life which had spar'd his before.

IV.

Our Country claims, indeed, our chiefest care;
 And in our thoughts deserves the tend'rest share;
 Her to a thousand freinds we shou'd prefer,
 But not betray 'em, tho' it be for her.
 Hard is his heart whom no desert can move,
 A wife, a mistress, or a freind to love,

Above

111 MISCELLANY

Above whate'er he does besides enjoy;
 But may he for their sakes his fire, or sons destroy?
 Sacred be all the ties of publick good;
 We to our country owe our dearest blood;
 To suffer in her service, were a bliss,
 And ev'n to fall, the noblest fate that is;
 So brave a death, tho' in youth's early bloom,
 Is above all the longest life to come;
 But 'tis not, surely, of so great renown,
 To take another's as to lose our own:
 Of all that's ours we cannot give too much,
 But what belongs to friendship, Oh! 'tis sacrilege to
 touch.

V.

*Can we stand by unmov'd, and see
 Our mother robb'd, and ravish'd? Can we be
 Excus'd if in her cause we never stir,
 Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravisher?*

Above

Thus

Thus sings our *bard with almost heat divine;
 'Tis pity that his thought was not as strong, as fin
 Wou'd it more justly did the case exprefs,
 Or that its beauty, and its grace were less.
 (Thus a loose nymph sometimes we see,
 Who so charming seems to be,
 That, jealous of a soft surprize,
 We scarce dare trust our eager eyes)
 So dangerous an ambush to escape,
 We shall not plead a willing rape;
 A valiant son wou'd be provok'd the more;
 A force we therefore must confess, but acted long before.
 A marriage since did intervene,
 With all the solemn, and the sacred Scene;
 Loud was the *Hymenean* song,
 The violated † dame walk'd smilingly along,

And

* Mr Cowley

† Rome.

Thus

And in the midst of the most sacred dance,
 As if enamour'd of his fight,
 Often she cast a kind admiring glance
 On the bold struggler for delight:
 Who afterwards appear'd so moderate and cool,
 As if for publick good alone he so aspir'd to rule.

VI.

But oh! that this were all the Muse can urge
 Against a *Roman* of so great a soul!
 And that fair truth permitted us to purge
 His fact of what appears so foul!
 Friendship, that sacred and sublimest thing!
 The noblest quality, and chiefest good!
 (In this base age scarce understood)
 Inspires us with unusual warmth its injur'd rites to sing.
 Assist, ye Angels, whose immortal bliss,
 Tho' more refin'd, chiefly consists in this!
 How plainly your bright thoughts to one another shine!
 Oh! how ye all agree in harmony divine!

The course of mutual love with equal zeal ye run,
A course as far from any end, as when at first begun.
You saw, and smil'd on this most worthy pair,
Who did betwixt them both so many virtues share;
Some which belong to peace, and some to strife,
Those of a calm, and of an active life,
That all the excellence of human kind,
Concurr'd to make of both but one united mind;
Which friendship did so fast and closely bind,
Not the least cement cou'd appear, by which their
souls were join'd.
That tie which holds our mortal frame,
Which poor unknowing we a soul and body name,
Seems not a composition more divine,
Or more abstruse than all that does in friendship shine.

VII.

From mighty *Cæsar*'s boundless grace,
Brutus indeed his life receiv'd;
But obligations, tho' so great believ'd,
We count but slight in such a case,

Q

Where

Where friendship so possesses all the place,
 There is no room for gratitude; since he
 Who so obliges, is more pleas'd than his fav'd friend
 can be.

Just in the midst of all this noble heat,
 While their great hearts did both so kindly beat,
 That it amaz'd the lookers on,
 And forc'd them to suspect a * father and a son;
 (Yet here ev'n nature's self did seem to be outdone)

From such a friendship unprovok'd to fall,
 Is crime enough; but oh, that such a crime were all
 Which does, with too much cause, ungrateful *Brutus*
 call!

VIII.

He calmly laid a long design
 Against his best and dearest friend;
 Did all his care and credit bend
 To spirit others up, to work his barb'rous end;

Himself

* *Cæsar was suspected to have begotten Brutus;*

Himself the center, where they all did join.

Cæsar, mean time, fearless, and fond of him,

Was as industrious all the while

To give such ample marks of his esteem,

As made the gravest *Romans* smile

To see with how much ease love can the wise beguile.

For he whom *Brutus* doom'd to bleed,

Did, setting his own race aside,

No less a thing for him provide,

Than to the world's great empire to succeed:

Which we are bound in justice to allow,

Is all sufficient proof to shew

That *Brutus* did not strike for his own sake;

And if, alas, he fail'd, 'twas only by mistake.





The Fall of Cæsar.

By the Honourable Mrs. *Finch*.

WHen *Cæsar* fell, he brav'd each killing wound,
And awfull lay Dictator on the ground:
But when a Friend, or something nearer thought,
Impos'd a stab, who should relief have brought;
The dying hero hid his gen'rous face,
Where blushes rose in scorn of human race.

FINIS.



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